

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF MAUNDY MONEY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON MAUNDY THURSDAY, APRIL 4: THE PROCESSION IN THE NAVE.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

*The Sergeant-Major of the Yeomen of the Guard was followed by a Yeoman bearing the purses.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A correspondent, who signs himself "One Suffering from Boeritis," courteously invites me to discourse upon the maladies which he calls "Insularitis" and "Jingoitis." I am delighted to place any medical knowledge I may possess at the disposal of an earnest reader. The diseases in question are really one, and the afflicted patients imagine that this island should behave like an angry wasp, and fly at every possible competitor in every part of the globe. The best illustration of "Jingoitis" is afforded by a certain little book I read not long ago, in which it was laid down that England ought to have fought France for Madagascar, Germany for German East Africa, and Russia for Central Asia. In fine, the writer was of opinion that no Powers but ourselves should be allowed to hold any colonies whatever. So far as I have observed, this hallucination is not common; but some people who are misled by their emotions into hasty diagnosis are apt to mistake for "Jingoitis" the natural resolve of the vast majority of citizens throughout the British Empire to maintain that Empire intact. If my correspondent thinks this temper is tainted with "Insularitis," let him turn his eyes to Canada. In the Dominion Parliament the party which holds that the suppression of the Boer Republics is iniquitous commands exactly three votes. For the smallness of its numbers it is compensated by the energy of its incoherence, for its leader gravely proposed, in the name of liberty, that no Canadian should be allowed to volunteer for the service of the Crown in South Africa.

If you are resolved to keep your Empire intact, you can do it only on the principle of the strong man armed who keepeth his house. That is the practice of your world-neighbours. How can you afford to disregard it? There are English politicians who tell their countrymen that fresh expenditure for the efficiency of the Army is an oblation to the Jingo god, and that all we need is a diplomacy that shall conciliate everybody. But suppose you have a neighbour who declines to be conciliated, because, at the moment, he chances to be better armed than you? Do you fancy that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be reassured if you told him that the British Army must never be strong enough to defend a distant colony, as well as our own shores, because such a military policy might suggest un-Christian distrust of other nations? I see that an excellent gentleman who has become the chief proprietor of a great morning paper has publicly declared that the object of his journal is to uphold "ethical teaching" in the management of our national affairs. When I look for specimens of this "ethical teaching," I find the garbling in the case of Lieutenant Morrison's letter cheerfully excused on the pretext that it "made no difference to the sense." This, to say the least, is a curious application of ethics. It reminds me of the "teaching" in certain ecclesiastical journals in France, that the forgery which brought the lamented Colonel Henry to a suicide's grave was an act of the highest virtue.

There are accomplished persons whose "ethical teaching" in foreign politics resolves itself into a kind of "Christian science." Disciples of that cult believe that all pain is an affair of the imagination. If you break your leg, you have only to disabuse your mind of the notion that it is broken, and lo! it is perfectly well. So, if you banish the thought that a foreign nation can ever cherish the design of encroaching on your frontier, there will never be any encroachment. This is so beautiful a philosophy that I wonder it is not applied to commercial competition. If you hear that Germany and America are injuring our trade, why not take a dose of "Christian science," and dismiss the absurd delusion? Other countries have the bad taste not to follow these sublime examples. They do not talk about "ethical teaching" in national affairs; they act on the plain, hard maxims of worldly prudence. And then they preach at us about our selfishness, our lack of "magnanimity," and so forth, in the hope that our professors of "Christian science" may get the upper hand, and multiply the embarrassments of a nation that is betrayed into weakness.

I do not pretend to the assurance of the moralists who are always able to say, "This policy is wicked," "That policy is righteous." Such assurance too often leads to eccentricities of "ethical teaching," to the frenzied blackening of the British soldier's character, to the justification, on strictly moral principles, of the burgher's violation of his oath. In Europe a soldier's breach of parole would be an indelible disgrace; but our ethical teachers see no wrong in the pressure which forces the burgher to break his word and fight again. The Boer irreconcilables do not hesitate to shoot peace envoys—their own countrymen, who counsel submission on the ground that further resistance is hopeless. I turn to the prayerful meditation of my "ethical" friends, and learn that the envoys are "renegades," who must be judged by the laws of war. But let the laws of war be applied with extraordinary mildness on the British side, and these wonderful ethics burst into shrieks of imprecation. Our barbarous public opinion is so far inferior to the humanity of De Wet that it abstains from giving our own peace envoys a rough reminder that they are striving to weaken the fighting arm of the State.

Mr. Stead's amiable pamphlets, it is said, still circulate in Cape Colony, consigned in bales of hosiery. "Hell Let Loose" pleasantly emerges from a pair of socks. Perhaps the colonial rebel who, instead of being shot, is mildly admonished by disfranchisement for five years will console himself by hanging up his children's stockings at Christmas-time, and stuffing them with the "ethical teaching" of this Santa Claus.

When I wrote about Mr. Carnegie and his millions last week, I had no idea that some wag had attributed to him the intention of endowing a theatre. He has promptly denied the soft impeachment. It is a pity; for if some exponents of dramatic art are to be credited, an endowed theatre would be the most expeditious means of dissipating a fortune. And to drop his millions as soon as possible is, we know, the great object of Mr. Carnegie's declining years. Why, then, has the alleged project excited such lively expostulation? To believe one writer on the subject, the endowment of a theatre would be nothing short of a crime against democracy. And how could the author of "The Triumph of Democracy" engage in such an enterprise? It seems that because we manage our politics by a count of heads, we ought to conduct the arts on the same principle. There is always a bigger audience for a music-hall entertainment, or a Drury Lane melodrama, than there is for Shakspeare; therefore, an endowed theatre for the performance of works that appeal to a minority would be an outrage on the majesty of the people. The ingenious logician who propounds this argument should carry it a little further. Why tax the many for the maintenance of the National Gallery, which interests only the few?

Another expostulator is still more severe. He points to the Comédie Française, and says it is nothing but "polished mediocrity." Even if this were true, and it is not, what on earth has the "polished mediocrity" to do with the endowment? And why should it be presumed that an endowed theatre in London would be organised exactly like the Théâtre Français? If, under our existing system of unqualified private enterprise, a manager has a prolonged spell of good fortune, he can organise an excellent company, and keep it together just so long as his star remains above the horizon. We have seen that over and over again. But when his plays cease to please, and his capital is exhausted, what becomes of his company? Now, if he had a friendly and enthusiastic millionaire, who said, "Stick to it, old fellow; you are doing a good work, and I'll take care that you don't lose by it," he would persevere with redoubled energy; his excellent company would not be dispersed; and his productions, even if they failed to attract the Drury Lane patrons, might set a not unworthy standard of taste.

Anyway (I say anyway, although Sir Courtenay Boyle, the arbiter of elegance at the Board of Trade, declares it to be a vulgar expression), why should not a millionaire, if he were so minded, make this experiment? I can understand an outcry against endowment by the State or by the Municipality. It is not the slightest use to argue that point, whatever one may think of it in the abstract. But a millionaire has as much right to go into the theatrical business as into any other business. Is there no recorded instance of philanthropic capital behind a spirited manager, whose plays delight an intelligent minority, but certainly do not yield as much per cent. as the "variety show"? How does that enterprise differ in principle from the other? Besides, I object to this wanton intimidation of a possible millionaire, who may have written a letter to a manager, saying, "If Carnegie backs out, I step in; so here's a cheque for half a million; go ahead," when these ferocious attacks on the bare idea of endowment caused him to tear up the missive and its precious enclosure in a spasm of fright! Nobody would bully him if he announced that his millions would be devoted to the Opera. Can it be that even the most visionary threat of a millionaire trying to make the English drama less chaotic, and more worthy of European attention (this is not "Insularitis," I hope!), raises in some apprehensive souls an alarming image of competition?

Just now the name of an ancient Roman is troubling me a good deal. When I saw Mr. Benson's company in "Coriolanus," I was struck by their pronunciation of the ancient Roman's name. They called him Corry O'Lahnus, and, indeed, for a moment I thought that, instead of being banished from Rome, he was an Irish champion, ejected by the Speaker's minions from the House of Commons! This excited me so much that I was held down in my seat by a strapping Saxon, who told me that Corry O'Lahnus is the modern pronunciation of the Latin. Now, will Sir Henry Irving adopt that style, or cleave to the older fashion? There is a story of John Kemble, that when he was about to produce this piece, some ardent playgoers laid a wager, to be decided by Kemble's pronunciation of the Roman hero. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the stately John Philip, a few nights beforehand, "I shall have the great pleasure, on Wednesday evening, of producing Shakspeare's play, 'Corry O'Lahnus' [great rejoicing on one side of the wager], in which I shall have the honour of appearing before you as Coriolanus" [howls of delight on the other side, followed by general discontent].

## PARLIAMENT.

A discussion of the abortive peace negotiations drew from Mr. Chamberlain a detailed statement of the position of the Government. They had declined to grant an amnesty to the Colonial rebels, who, if they should return to their homes, would have to submit to the disfranchisement imposed by law in Natal and Cape Colony. The Government could not assent to the principle that the Boers who had committed deliberate aggression on British territory should be remunerated for that enterprise by free gifts of money. Mr. Chamberlain was prepared to acknowledge the expediency of lending money to Boer farmers, and even of giving money in certain cases; but it would be folly to allow the Boers to suppose that they would all be paid outright for having made war upon us. Moreover, when it came to compensation, the loyal British subjects in South Africa would have first to be considered, and when their losses had been made good, he did not think that even Mr. Bryce would have the courage to swell the bill by proposing to compensate the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain declared that it was absurd to ask for an elective assembly in the new colonies before the country could be resettled, and the Uitlander population restored to their homes. As soon as possible an elective element would be introduced into the local government, and complete colonial self-government was only a matter of time.

Before the House rose for the Easter recess, there was a debate on the second reading of the Demise of the Crown Bill, which provides that when the Sovereign dies, nobody holding an office under the Crown shall have to be reappointed. The Opposition argued that this was intended to save Ministers from the penalties of having sat and voted when their seats were legally vacant. Mr. Labouchere had amused the House earlier by describing Mr. Balfour as "a stranger," and suggesting that the Chair should order him to withdraw. The Bill was read a second time by a majority of 153 to 72.

In the House of Lords the Foreign Secretary explained that the Government regarded the Anglo-German Agreement as applicable to Manchuria. Lord Lansdowne referred to the reported statement of Count von Bülow that, in the view of Germany, Manchuria was excluded. On this, the only comment of the Foreign Secretary was that in the opinion of all the Powers the "integrity of China" ought to be maintained.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NICANDRA," AT THE AVENUE.

When it is stated that the heroine of the latest Avenue farce, "Nicandra," is, like Galatea or Niobe, a supernatural visitant, who disturbs the peace of a humdrum household, it will be seen that the author, Mr. Russell Vaun, has not striven after exceeding novelty. His merit consists in the freshness of his treatment of an old idea, his originality in making his mysterious intruder a wanton, not a passive source of evil; a diabolical serpent-woman exhaling an unholy erotic atmosphere, not a meek, animated statue, causing misery through the ignorance of innocence. At the outset the playwright makes no little fun out of his modern Lamia, plunging her into the society of four loving couples, young and old, and allowing her to rearrange them in new and ludicrous permutations. But beyond the first amusing set of complications Mr. Vaun's play does not advance; the intrigue is never developed, the situations are tamely repeated, and interest is only sustained by occasional touches of sentiment and a pretty if conventional picture of English middle-class domesticity. Clever players such as Mr. Charles Groves, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Mr. H. B. Warner are concerned in the production, but it is Mrs. Brown-Potter in the title-rôle who is alone given any chance of acting, and she scarcely attempts to suggest any of the Orientalism or devilry of Mr. Vaun's fantastic creation, and merely (and not unsuccessfully) relies for effect on the attractions of her own fascinating personality.

"THE FORTUNE TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The plot of "The Fortune Teller" (Mr. H. B. Smith's work) is not remarkable, for all its neatness, but it provides the American interpreters with picturesque Hungarian costumes, and it enables the leading actress, Miss Alice Nielsen, a charming and arch little lady possessed of exuberant vivacity and a delightful soprano voice, not only to assume two rôles—that of a demure young ballet-girl and that of her double, a wandering young gipsy—but also to swagger in Hussar's uniform as the dancer's absent soldier-brother. The fun, a little stale, depends on the vagaries of a noble Polish musician (Mr. Alexander Clark), who is a most shocking plagiarist, and the usual, stuttering Anglo-German, rendered by Mr. Joseph Cawthorne with a rather fresh and unctuous humour. But it is the singers of the Nielsen company who lend distinction to the production; notably Mr. Frank Rushworth, a really pleasing and manly tenor; and Mr. Eugene Cowles, a robust and handsome baritone, whose vocal strength is quite exceptional and gay and tuneful.

"THE WILDERNESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

On Thursday, April 11, Mr. George Alexander produced at the St. James's Theatre a new play entitled, "The Wilderness," by Mr. H. V. Esmond, of which we publish an illustration, and which we hope to deal with in detail in next week's issue.



## THE ROYAL MAUNDY ALMS.

On April 4, Maundy Thursday, the annual distribution of the Royal Maundy gifts was held at Westminster Abbey. In former times, besides the distribution of alms, the Sovereign used to wash the feet of a number of poor persons, but this particular observance died out with the Stuarts. William III. performed it only through his deputy, the Lord High Almoner. Now that official is relieved from the outward act of humility, and his function consists merely in the distribution of the white purses, containing £2 5s. for each man and £1 15s. for each woman in lieu of clothing, and the red purses, containing, in lieu of provisions, £1 10s. for each man and for each woman £1. In the white purses is the Maundy money, consisting of silver pennies fresh from the Mint, and twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny pieces. Last week's ceremony sees the final distribution of coins bearing Queen Victoria's effigy. The proceedings took place just before one o'clock in the presence of a large congregation. The children of the Chapel Royal, the choristers of the Abbey, and the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal and of the Abbey choir led the procession up the nave. Then followed the clergymen who represent the recipients of the royal alms, the Minor Canons, and the Sergeant-Major of the Yeomen of the Guard attended by a Yeoman bearing the gold dish containing the alms. The Sub-Almoner and Lord High Almoner, Lord Alwyn Compton, Bishop of Ealing, the Dean's verger, and Dean Bradley were next in order, and the procession was closed by the children of the Royal Almonry, the secretary of his Majesty's Almonry, and his assistant, the Wandsmen and the Yeomen of the Guard. In the choir were grouped the aged persons who had been selected to receive his Majesty's gifts, the women on one side, the men on the other. After the service, the gifts in lieu of clothing were distributed, each recipient advancing in turn to the table and receiving the purses with a bow. A thanksgiving prayer for her late Majesty followed, and after another anthem, the Maundy money was distributed. More music and a prayer for his Majesty were followed by the 100th Psalm, and the Benediction, pronounced by the Dean, brought the proceedings to a close. The custom has been to present the Maundy money to as many men and as many women as the Sovereign has lived years; and this year the number would have been considerably reduced had not his Majesty, with his usual thoughtfulness, directed that the survivors of last year's recipients who had reached or passed his own age should this year be included.

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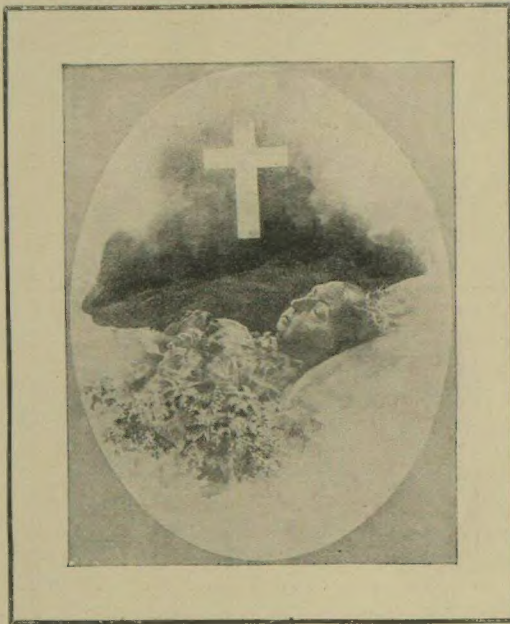
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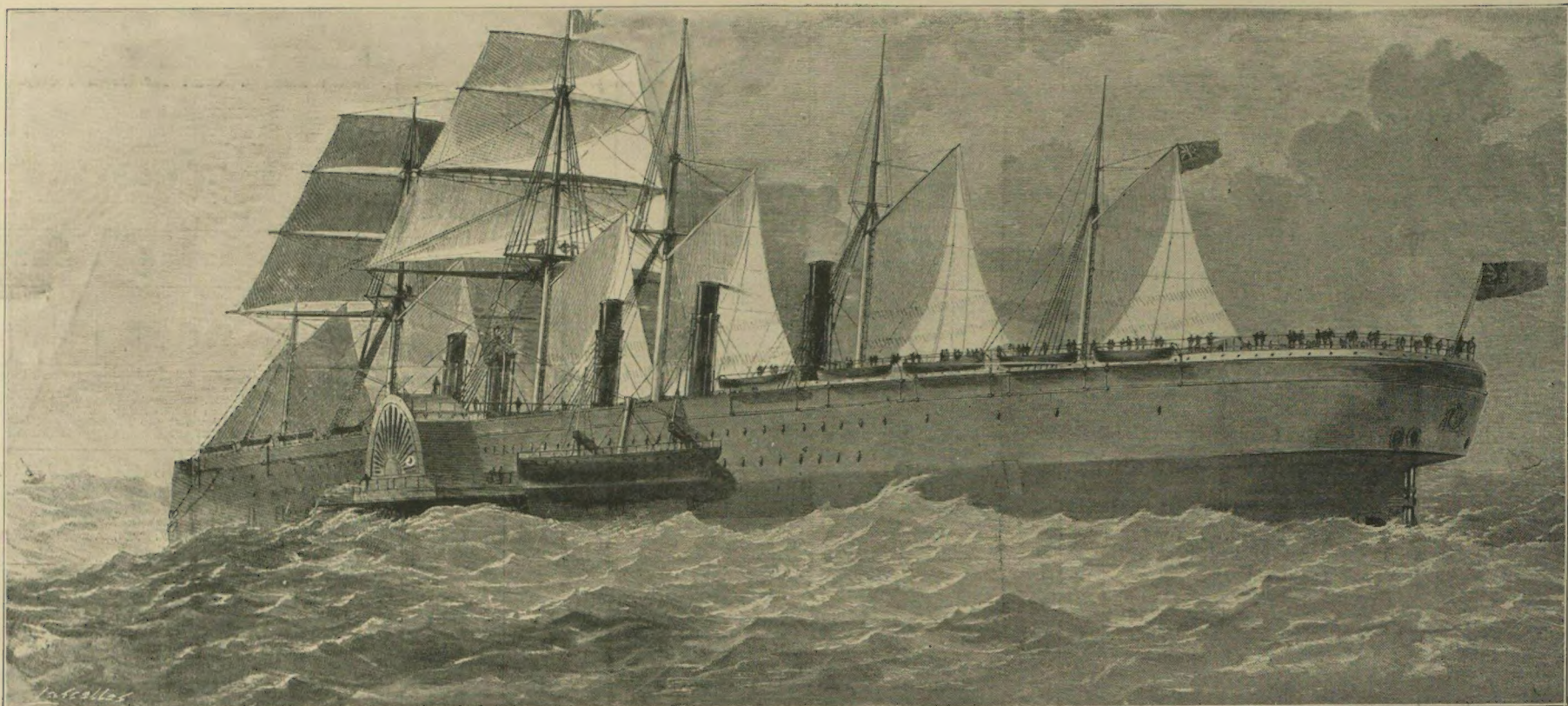
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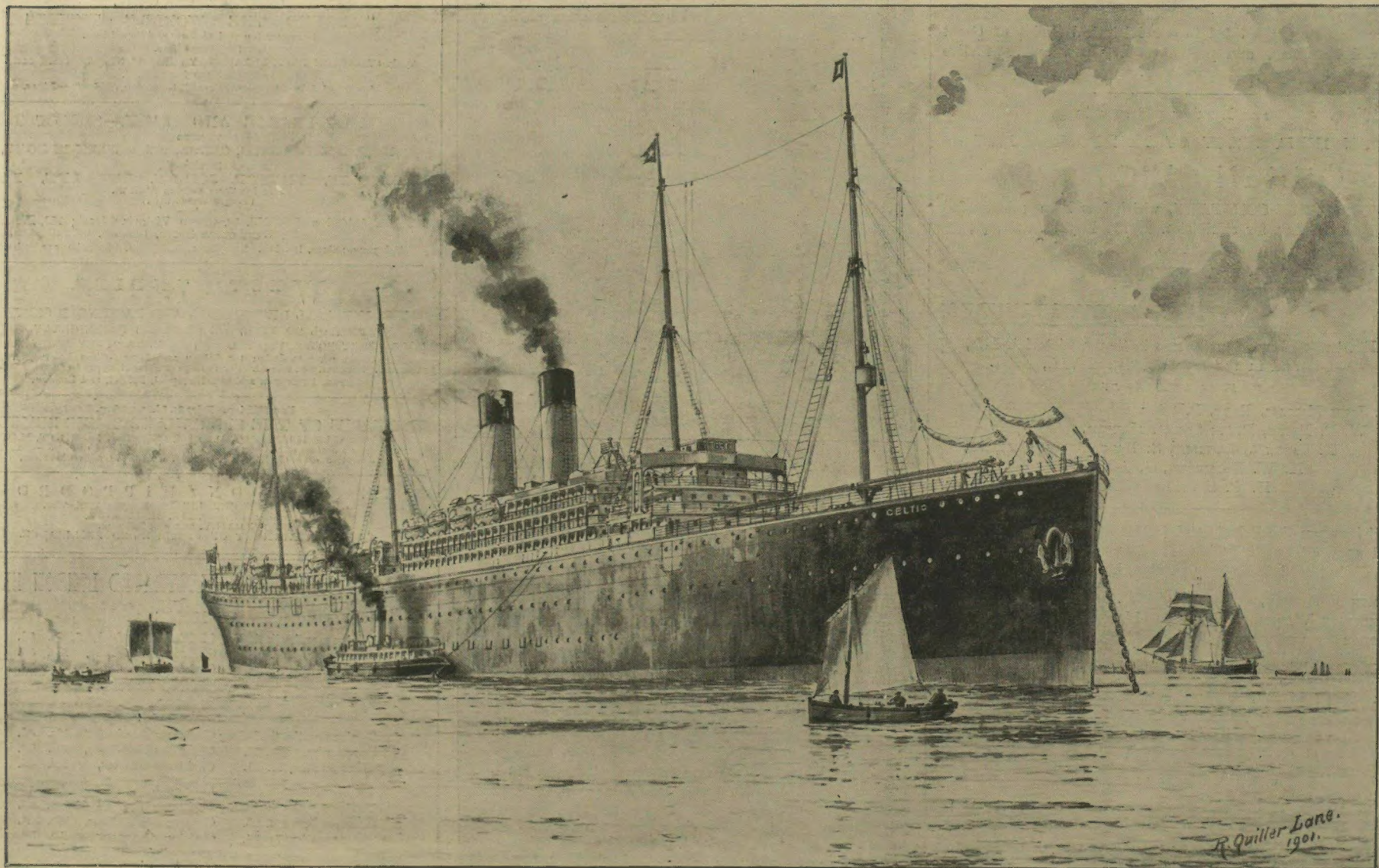


THE "GREAT EASTERN," 18,915 GROSS TONNAGE, DESIGNED BY BRUNEL, AND LAUNCHED AT MILLWALL IN 1858.

The White Star liner *Celtic*, launched from the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast on April 4, certainly disproves the statement recently made that British ship-builders had apparently ceased to compete with their German rivals for the attainment of the maximum in size and speed of ocean liners, for she is the largest vessel afloat. Though to the eye accustomed to such leviathans her great size is not impressive, her gracefulness at once calls for admiration. Speed record-breaking will not be attempted, nor are the internal decorations as ornate as on the *Oceanic*; but the security, comfort, and convenience of the latter vessel will be found

in the *Celtic* at a price within the reach of all. Her gross tonnage will be 20,880 tons, 1965 tons more than that of the *Great Eastern*. Her displacement at 36 ft. draught will be 37,700 tons. She is 700 ft. long, 75 ft. broad, and 49 ft. deep. The launch itself was quite successful, the great vessel gliding from the slips into the water amidst hearty cheers from crowds of onlookers. The arrangements were the same as those for the launch of the *Oceanic*, but the anchor cable was heavier. The projecting arm of the apparatus which held the vessel was pushed flush to the ways by the sheer weight of the hull, and as the ship floated she was checked in her own length by the dropping,

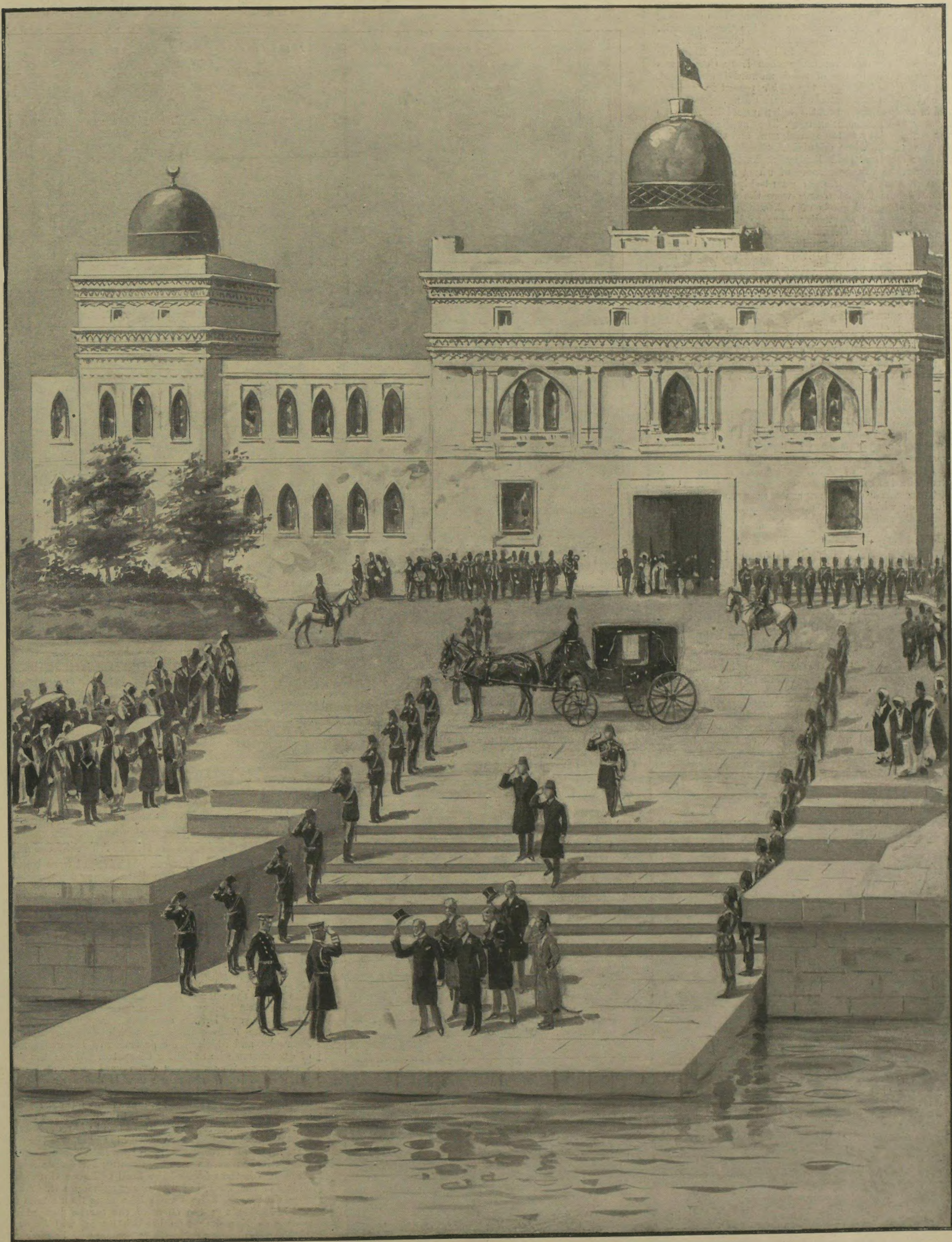
pair after pair, of three pairs of anchors. The launch, which took place in gleams of April sunshine, was witnessed by thousands of people, each of whom contributed one shilling to a memorial statue of Queen Victoria in Belfast. The guests of the owners and the builders were accommodated on two stands within the yard. Among these were the Countess Cadogan and her two sons, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Dufferin, and the Lord Mayor of Belfast. Mr. Pirrie, Chairman of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, received the guests, and was supported by various other members of the firm. The Lord Lieutenant sent a telegram of congratulation.



THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER, "CELTIC," 20,880 GROSS TONNAGE, LAUNCHED AT BELFAST ON APRIL 4, 1901.

*The gross tonnage of the "Celtic" is 1965 tons more than that of the "Great Eastern."*





THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LANDING AT THE OFFICES OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY AT PORT SAID ON MARCH 30.

FROM A SKETCH BY SUB-LIEUTENANT J. B. WATERLOW, R.N., H.M.S. "OPHIR."

*The Duke was received by a Guard of Honour from the Egyptian Army.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE "OPHIR."

On the first day of this month the *Ophir* was lying outside Suez, where her coming had made things gay. Flags were everywhere flying. Commander Williamson, of H.M. torpedo gun-boat *Hussar*, handed over the telegrams awaiting the royal party, and visits were exchanged by members of the suite with Mr. Austin Lee and the Canal officials. The P. and O. liner *India*, flying the quarantine flag, passed by and gave greetings, to be returned from the *Ophir* with all the more cordiality when Lady Curzon was recognised on the bridge of the homeward-bound vessel. Through the Gulf of Suez the *Ophir* passed in weather warm and brilliant as that of an English July. The crew, dressed in white clothes, went through physical drill, and the royal party took abundant exercise. The Sinaitic Mountains showed a fine colour to the setting sun, and the Southern Cross was visible after midnight. Shoals of flying fish were seen; and on Good Friday, at half-past seven in the morning, the voyagers, some of whom slept on deck, woke up at Aden. The *Raccoon* guard-ship fired a salute, and the *Juno* and the *St. George* were the escorting ships henceforth. Flags, legends of welcome, palm-branches, and other tokens of hospitality were to be seen on the buildings ashore, the German Consulate vying with the Eastern Telegraph building and the barracks in its display of decorations. There was Divine service on board; and afterwards the Duke of York received the Governor and Staff, and the Sultan Addali Lahedj and Sheikh Fadi, each accompanied by a son. A present of native work was offered and accepted, and each received a portrait of the Duke and Duchess, framed in silver. In the afternoon the officers mustered in the *Ophir* drawing-room, and South African medals were distributed to those serving in the *Juno* and *St. George* who had won them. That ceremony over, the Duke and Duchess landed, and were received by the Governor with a military display, in which the Engineers, Artillery, West Kent Regiment, and Bombay Native Infantry were represented, besides a cavalry escort. The address was presented by Mr. Cowasjee Dinshaw, who had brought special carriages from Bombay. After replying, the Duke inspected the guard of honour; and a white ostrich-feather boa was presented to the Duchess by Mrs. Molyneux, on behalf of the ladies of Aden—a present she smilingly accepted, with the remark that it was too hot to wear it that day. There was a dinner on board in the evening, and illuminations which were a great success. At midnight the *Ophir* set sail for Colombo.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

Whether Russia is or is not to have Manchuria has been a question of the week. That she tried to get it at all has been an unpleasant surprise to the other Allies, who knew nothing of the secret Convention which Li-Hung-Chang was to negotiate if all things went well. But things have gone badly, in so far that the Powers, now in possession of all the facts, support the Chinese officials in their refusal to sign the Convention. The policy of strengthening China against any European Power at all may be a doubtful one, for among all other vaguenesses there remains China's definite mistrust of all the Powers; and the repetition of a success scored to-day at the expense of any one of them will be attempted to-morrow at the cost of another. Meanwhile, all outward hostilities between Russia and England are at an end; and such careful arrangements as those indicated by our Illustration of the military railway must avert the recurrence of friction between the advance guards of these two nations. The

Anglo-Indian garrison is shown, in another Illustration, to be united in a common sorrow—that caused by the death of Queen Victoria. A great deal of destruction continues to be done, such as that shown in our Illustration of the blowing-up, by the Germans, of the Shikoo Arsenal. The railway-station at Anting provides another drawing for our Special Artist, who shows Chinese labourers at forced work; while

intensified by the brutal measures which were resorted to by the Cossacks to clear the streets. A secret hand-bill was circulated giving an account of the conduct of the Cossacks and police in St. Petersburg. The officials, it seems, charged the students and beat them unmercifully with their knouts. It is even alleged that there were instances where persons in the crowd were held by the

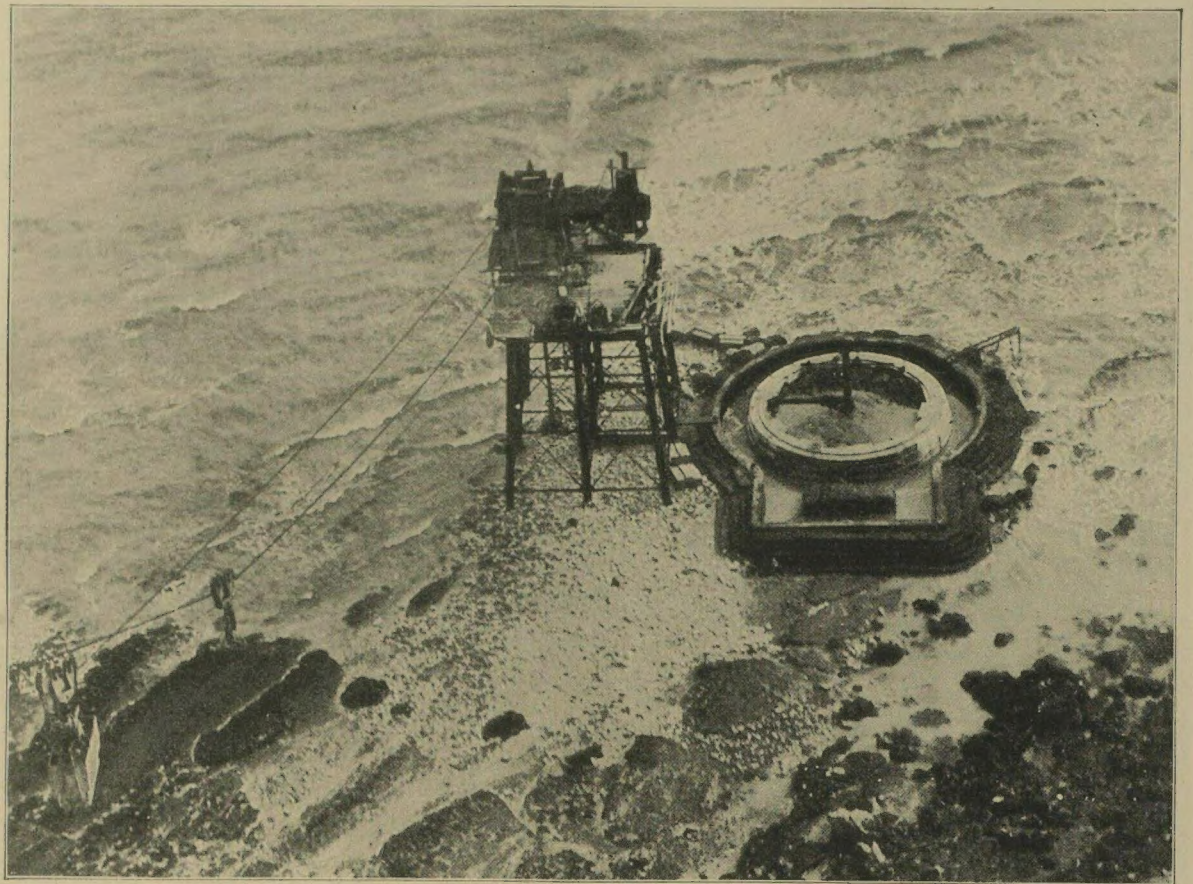


Photo. Breach, Eastbourne.

THE BUILDING OF A NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT BEACHY HEAD: THE ROPE RAILWAY, FOR CONVEYING MEN AND MATERIALS FROM THE CLIFF TOP TO THE WORKS.

the "Railway Bridge at Hanku"—or the site of the now vanished bridge—shows how much work of restoration is ahead. Meanwhile, punishment is not over, as may be seen by the Illustration of the flogging of a Chinaman accused of robbing native Christians. Moreover, the Chinese Court has accepted the list of officials whom the Powers have marked out for the condign punishment of death. On April 7, at a meeting of the Generals of the Allied Powers held at Peking under the presidency of Count von Waldersee, Articles 8 and 9 of the agreement with China were unanimously approved.

## THE RIOTS IN RUSSIA.

The disturbances in St. Petersburg which broke out towards the end of March in consequence of the excommunication of Count Tolstoy, quickly spread to other towns, including Odessa, Kiev, and Kharkoff. At Lemberg and Moscow revolutionary riots have also taken place, and many arrests have been made. The feeling was

police agents while the Cossacks flogged them. The students are not appeased by the appointment of General Vanovsky as Minister of Public Instruction; but they recognise that the Czar is sincere in his desire to act justly in matters relating to their welfare. General Vanovsky, on his entrance into office, finds a large number of difficult questions with which he must deal, and in his work he is to be aided by a select committee of experts.

## THE NEW BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

The construction of the new lighthouse at the foot of Beachy Head is proceeding apace, considering the many difficulties to be overcome. The workmen and the whole of the materials used have to be conveyed from the top of the cliff, a distance of over five hundred feet, to the works beneath. The photograph given above shows the rope railway used for this purpose. In the foreground may be seen the trolley conveying a party of mechanics to the scene of their labours, the tide having receded sufficiently to permit of work being recommenced. Beachy Head was the scene of the great naval battle of 1690, when the French vanquished the English and Dutch fleets.

## THE GREAT NILE DAM AT ASSOUAN.

The great dams at Assouan and at Assiout were begun in 1898, and will be finished in 1903. They are therefore in mid-course. If the hope that they will bring prosperity to Middle and Lower Egypt should be realised, then Lord Kitchener will be content to rank as a preparer of the ways for Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir John Aird, M.P., and the other engineers and capitalists associated with this monster undertaking. Our Illustrations can give only glimpses of what is going on. The magnitude of the enterprise may be gathered from the fact that 10,000 men are now employed on the works. Of these 8000 are Arabs, who live in the villages the Great Dam has created. There are also 2000 Italian granite-cutters, over whom, as over the Arabs, are British overseers. A hundred quarries supply the stone—quarries which date back to the Pharaohs, and which still bear traces of the wedge-marks of quarrymen who toiled for Cleopatra. When the Great Dam is done, its wall, over seven yards wide at the top, will stretch in a straight line a mile and a quarter from bank to bank. At the base this wall will be 62 ft. wide. The average height is 80 ft., and in some cases the engineers have had to go down 125 ft. to find the solid rock on which the Dam is based. Nearly two hundred sluices, of the type used on the Manchester Ship Canal, will pierce the Dam: 140 of these, 24 ft. high by a little more than 6 ft. wide, will be placed where the existing Nile channels are. At high Nile the whole of the flood will pass through the sluices of the Dam, but will never submerge it. At low Nile, the Dam will hold up a lake more than a mile wide and 146 miles long, the effect of the barrier being felt as far up as Korosko. The English tourist will know the difference when navigation for steamers will be made easy as far as the Second Cataract at Wady Halfa. The lower Dam at Assiout will have its foundations finished this year; but that at Assouan naturally presents the greater difficulty, for there the Nile is a mile wide, and is split up among a number of rocky islets. For five months in the year the work in the lower levels has to cease owing to the floods. Next July, when the Nile comes rushing down from Wady Halfa, it will find a barrier from bank to bank. These river horses will feel on their necks the bridles of the sluices.



Photo. Noonan, Valetta.

FAREWELL TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT VALETTA: THE FLIGHT OF ONE THOUSAND ROCKETS IN THE GRAND HARBOUR.



## PERSONAL.

If a diplomatist is happy when he is talked about, then Baron Iswolski, the Russian Minister at Tokio, ought this

week to be considered the most fortunate of men. Every Embassy in Europe, and one or two Embassies outside Europe, have been concerned about the Manchurian Convention, which owes its existence in part to the machinations of the Russian agent in question. Germany and the



Photo. Le Luvre, Rome.  
BARON ISWOLSKI,  
Russian Minister at Tokio.

United States are among the less suspicious Powers; but men in London, in Paris, in Vienna, see in Russia's attitude towards Manchuria the expression of a policy of self-interest. St. Petersburg has spoken out accordingly.

It is safe to say that no picture has excited so much romantic interest as Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire." After being lost for twenty-five years all but a month, the picture has again returned to the hands of its owners, Messrs. Agnew. Gainsborough's picture—which has become so familiar that the mere mention of the beautiful Duchess is sufficient to recall the wonderful figure with the great black hat, the blue petticoat and sash, the curled and powdered hair—was bought by Mrs. Magennis, and was afterwards sold for £50 to Mr. Bentley, the picture-restorer, who in turn disposed of it to Mr. Wynn Ellis. At the sale of his collection by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods in 1876, the chief interest centred in the Gainsborough, which fetched a sensational price. The sale took place on May 6, and Messrs. Agnew placed the picture on exhibition at their Bond Street Galleries. It occupied a room on the first floor fronting the street. On the night of May 25, when the porter closed the gallery at half-past nine, he noted that the picture was undisturbed. His consternation was considerable when the following morning at half-past seven he entered the room to find that the treasure had gone. It had been cut out of its frame close to the stretcher, and from that day to this its whereabouts remained unknown. No particulars regarding the recovery have been given to the world further than that, in consequence of a hint from Scotland Yard, Mr. Morland Agnew three weeks ago proceeded to America, where he identified the canvas, had it handed over to him, and returned with it to England on April 8.

Sir Henry Wilmot, V.C., K.C.B., died last Sunday at Bournemouth, where he went three weeks earlier in



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR HENRY WILMOT, V.C.

Mutiny, and subsequently on the staff of Sir Hope Grant. His Victoria Cross dated from the capture of Lucknow, at which time he received also his Brevet-Majority, and the medal with clasp. He afterwards acted as Judge Advocate-General to the Oudh Field Force, and later to the forces in the Chinese War. Returning home, he sat in Parliament for some years for South Derbyshire; and from 1888 till 1895 was Colonel in command of the Midland Volunteer Brigade. He had civic interests also, being Alderman and Chairman of the County Council in Derbyshire. Sir Henry is succeeded in

the Baronetcy by his nephew, Lieutenant Ralph Wilmot, of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, at present serving in South Africa.

The King spent Easter quietly at Windsor, attending Divine service both on Good Friday and on Easter Day in the private chapel of the Castle. His Majesty received during his stay in the royal borough an exceptional number of interesting guests. Those honoured with an invitation included the Duke of Fife, Earl Roberts, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord George Hamilton, and two distinguished representatives of the sea service—the veteran Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, and Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson. The Queen, who last Monday celebrated, with the rest of the Danish royal family, the eighty-third birthday of her father, King Christian, made arrangements for an immediate return to England somewhat earlier than had been expected, travelling with her sister, the Empress Alexander of Russia, for part of the journey. Princess Victoria has joined the King and the Duchess of Fife at Windsor Castle. Her Royal Highness has evidently benefited by her brief incognito visits to Devonshire and North Wales.



THE FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, BY GAINSBOROUGH.  
STOLEN, MAY 25, 1876; RECOVERED, APRIL 1901.

the hope of recovering from the effects of an attack of influenza. The son of Sir Henry Wilmot, fourth Baronet (whom he succeeded in 1872), he was born in 1831; was educated at Rugby, and in 1849 entered the Army, serving with the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade during the earlier part of the Indian

Mr. Irving Montagu, the well-known war-artist, died on Saturday last week at Brighton, after a long and painful illness, at the age of fifty-one. The records of Mr. Montagu's experiences in five campaigns and fifteen engagements are to be seen in our own back numbers; and he was, besides, a popular lecturer and the author of several books, as well as an industrious contributor to the magazines, occupations which kept him employed till within a week or two of his death. Mr. Montagu was personally known to a smaller public as one of the most popular of men, honourable, modest, straightforward, and entirely to be relied upon.

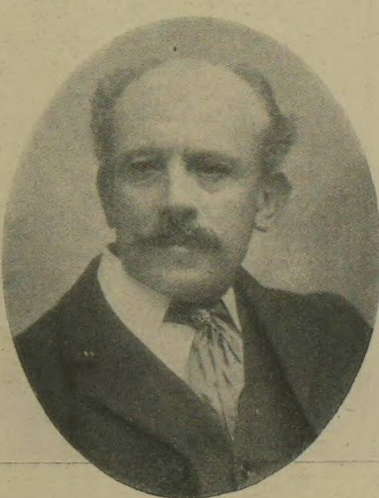


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE MR. IRVING MONTAGU,  
Formerly War-Artist, *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's death took place on Wednesday last week after a long term of illness, which did not incapacitate him from his business of amusing the town. Born fifty-seven years ago, he was the son of a well-known flute-player, and the grandson, on his mother's side, of one of the clergy of the Chapel Royal. After matriculating at London University, he joined his father as a musical instrument maker; but the theatre called to him, and, after making one or two attempts of his own as a



Photo. Ellis and Wolery.  
THE LATE MR. D'OYLY CARTE,  
Manager of the Savoy Theatre.

composer, he settled into the career of an amusement caterer and impresario, the most famous of his time. His discovery of Mr. Edward Lloyd and his management of Mario's farewell tour were successes almost eclipsed by the conjunction which began, when he was manager of the Royalty Theatre, between himself, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. "Trial by Jury" was followed by "The Sorcerer" at the Opéra Comique. Then followed "H.M.S. Pinafore" and the rest of that brilliant series which made the Savoy Theatre memorable to playgoers. Mr. D'Oyly Carte had an invaluable adviser and business helpmate in his wife, and he had also the assistance of his son, Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte.

Mr. William Woodall, who has died at the age of sixty-eight, was in Parliament from 1880 to 1895, representing first Stoke-on-Trent, and then Hanley. He was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in 1886, and Financial Secretary to the War Office in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration. Mr. Woodall is best known by his active propaganda on behalf of women's suffrage, and by a singularly genial and hospitable temperament that gave him a wide popularity.

Mr. Lionel Cust justly declares that we have an admirable school of sculpture. Then why not offer to general competition the commission for the Victoria Memorial?

President Loubet has had an enthusiastic reception at Nice. He made an admirable speech on the solidarity of Republicans, and it was evident that he could not have chosen a theme more gratifying to his hearers. It only remains for Rochefort and Drumont to accuse the citizens of Nice of having sold themselves to the Jews.

The death of Mr. George Smith, of the publishing firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., has revived a mass of anecdote about the *Cornhill Magazine* (Cornhill being the firm's address when the magazine was started);

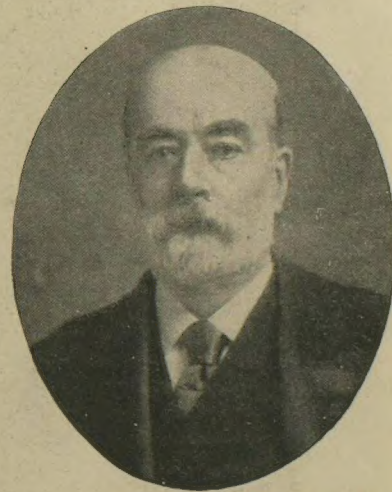


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. GEORGE SMITH,  
Publisher.

about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which passed in time from Mr. George Smith himself to his son-in-law, Mr. Yates Thompson (by whom it was sold to Mr. Astor); and about Charlotte Brontë and the rest. Mr. George Smith, whose father before him was head of the firm, was himself born in 1824, and was only nineteen when he actively entered the business he was to control for nearly sixty years. R. H. Horne's "New Spirit of the Age" was the first book Mr. Smith published.

A sad blow has fallen on Li-Hung-Chang. He did his best to persuade the Chinese Emperor to sign the Manchurian Convention. The Emperor took the advice of the Yangtse Viceroy, and refused. Deeply convinced of the disinterestedness of Russia, Li is naturally much hurt. He may even tender his resignation to the Emperor, and retire into private life.





1. In the Wood: The Children present a Haddock to the Fairies.

2. In the Bond Street Tea-Shop: Sir Harry Milnor (Mr. George Alexander) and Mabel Vaughan (Miss Eva Moore).

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S NEW PLAY, "THE WILDERNESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



# THE MILLIONAIRE'S CRIME.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.

Illustrated by Abbey Altson.

## CHAPTER I.

AS soon as what the New York Press described as the most sumptuous and elegant funeral ever seen in the city was over, Mr. Augustus Judge started for what he called "You-rope." There is much difference of class between the Americans who say "You-rope" and those who say "Yurup." Augustus Judge was an American millionaire, but, unlike many of his class, he could not be blamed for his money; since he took it under the will of his father, whose mode of acquiring it was unquestionable—unquestionably bad. Till the age of twenty-six Augustus had lived in a palace, surrounded by great luxury, but with very little money in his pocket, since, on principle, his father made him only a small allowance. At twenty-six the millions came with a bang, and, of course, turned his head; so he wasted a good many years and a great deal of money in the silly business of painting cities red. Suddenly, after escaping the snares of a thousand mothers and three thousand daughters, he married. Augustus thought it was a love match, and believed that the penniless, pretty country maiden whom he courted had no suspicion of his wealth. Augustus was wrong, and found out his mistake promptly. His few years of married life were of monotonous misery. Almost without a struggle he sank to the humble position of walking treasurer to his wife, and since he had no touch of snobbism, the poor fellow suffered acutely from the shoddy splendour of his social position, founded entirely upon the use and abuse of unearned wealth.

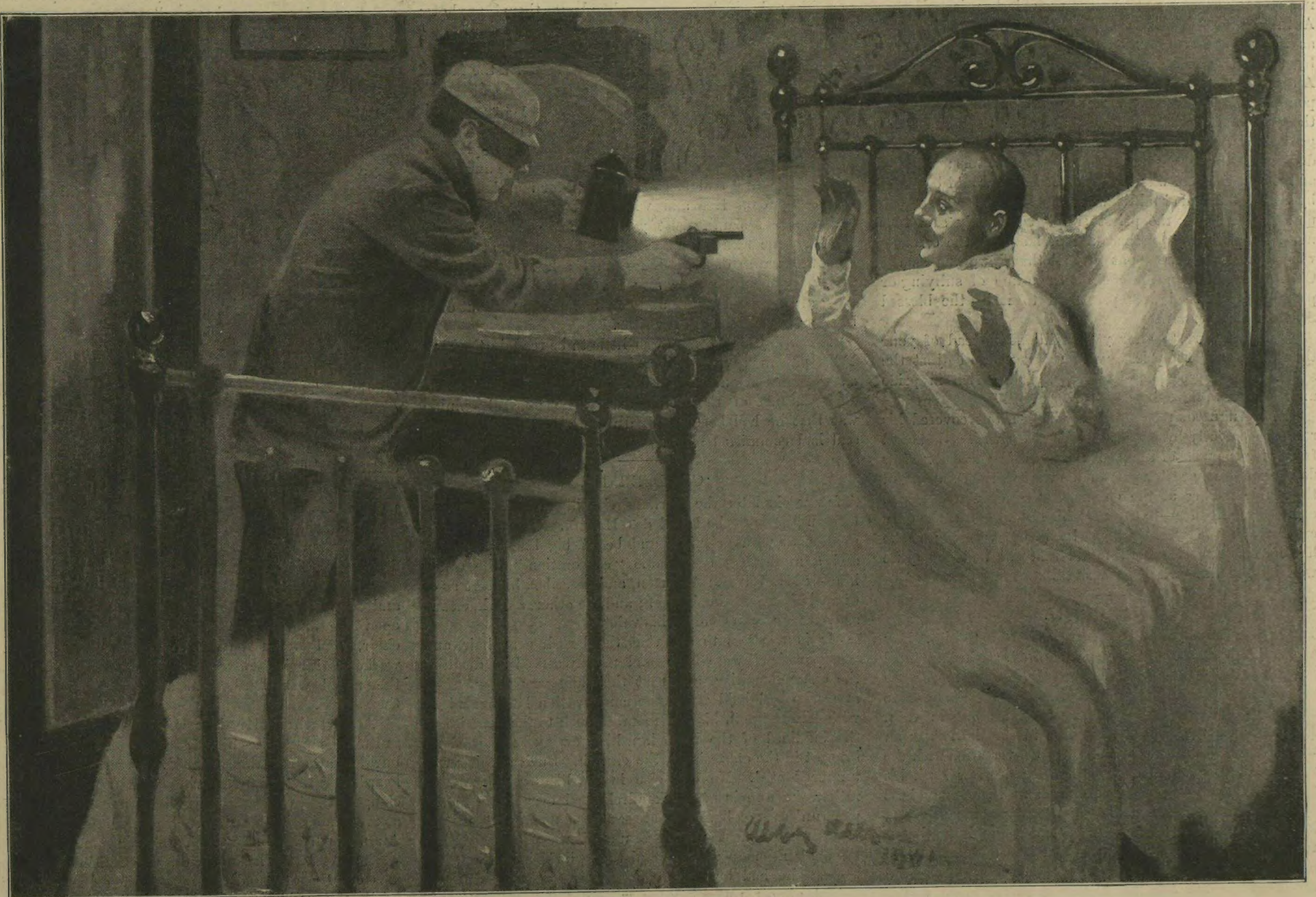
When he read glowing accounts in the papers of the dinners he gave, at which every guest found some costly trifle in his napkin, Augustus cursed the day when he was born, or, rather, the hour when he was married. However, evils tend to cure themselves. The dissipation of her town life told upon the health of Mrs. Judge. A cold attacked her in consequence of her sitting incautiously on a balcony during the great fancy-dress ball which made all New York society beam with pleasure or howl with rage, in a Récamier costume so daring that it caused every lady whose fan was transparent to hide her face. The cold quickly reached her lungs, and, despite the conflicting efforts of all the fashionable physicians of the city, and even the approach of half-a-dozen famous specialists summoned from Yurup, Mrs. Augustus Judge suddenly demised—died would have been too vulgar a word to use concerning her.

On his voyage to Europe the undisconsolate widower made many acquaintances and one friend, concerning whom nothing need be said, save the fact that he was a monomaniac, and that enamels were the subject of his disease. He was well-to-do rather than wealthy, and spent his life in hunting for pieces of enamel, preferably European, to add to a collection that had become of some importance. His ravings at first amused, then interested, and finally fascinated Augustus. The result was that as soon as the millionaire reached London, he began a career as collector and student of the pieces of vitreous glaze fused on to metal surfaces which men call enamel. At first he

bought almost any rubbish; but after a little while began to know something of the subject—just enough to prove that so far as collecting is concerned a little knowledge is more dangerous than complete ignorance. There is no need to describe his travels about Europe, or to tell the quaint tales of his many deceptions. By accident it happened that the last country he visited was France. It was in Limoges itself, home for centuries of the art of enamelling, that he heard of the enamels of the Church of St. Catherine, at Kerkandrek. A local amateur fired his curiosity by a gushing description of these extraordinary works of art, of which an untechnical description is as follows—

"Figures of the four Evangelists, twenty-eight inches high, apparently of the rare style called *de plique à jour*, of which but few specimens are to be found in the world. The beauty of workmanship immense; the value incalculable."

There were many curious features connected with these enamels, said the Limoges amateur; it was difficult to say whether they were made in the accustomed fashion or, as some had suggested, were really *cloisonné* or *champlevé*, with the background cut away in some remarkable fashion, leaving merely the wire or raised parts of the field to hold together the pieces of enamel, which, when the sun shone through them, had the appearance of gorgeous jewels. The authorities of the church refused to allow anybody to handle them in order to settle this question. Moreover, there were strange



"You had better not shoot," said Augustus.



legends concerning the way in which the church acquired such a precious object.

A few days later, Mr. Augustus Judge might have been seen on the top of a diligence, slowly covering the eleven kilometres between Kerkandrek and the nearest railway-station, and grumbling at the discomfort of the cumbrous vehicle, the slowness of the horses, and the horrible combination of a thousand unpleasant smells which occupied the diligence. However, even a French diligence, although its name is an appalling sarcasm, gets somewhere at last, and Augustus reached Kerkandrek so hot, dusty, tired, and thirsty that even his ardour as collector was not great enough to prevent him from taking a simple lunch at the Hôtel des Emaux in face of the church. Such a church! A kind of museum of styles, like the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, a sort of pot-pourri, to use Mr. Judge's remark—and "a trifle too pourri." The inside corresponded with the out. There was nothing noticeable till Augustus reached the choir-screen. It was of crude modern wrought and cast iron, very heavy and strong, and reached up to an ugly beam thrown across from pillar to pillar, that shut out the view of the choir, and would have broken the heart of an architect. After he had made as much noise at the gates as decency allowed, Augustus saw a pleasant-looking old man coming towards him bearing a bunch of huge keys. The screen-door was opened and the collector advanced into the Lady Chapel. His guide gently pushed him on one side to a smaller chapel, then opened a heavy iron door—apparently built in the wall on the side of the altar—turned a handle which slowly raised something like a portcullis, and quite suddenly the enamels appeared, as if by magic, to the excited eyes of Augustus. The daylight from outside streamed through them and made them like a gorgeous translucent picture, painted with gems instead of colours. Augustus gasped with pleasure; his guide beamed with pride, and began in a tedious, mechanical manner to tell to the unheeding ears of the collector all the traditions about the enamels of St. Catherine.

Ere he had ended his rigmarole Augustus quite regained his self-possession, and put forward his hand; immediately the guide clutched his arm.

"Nobody must touch," he said, "it is against orders; no hand save that of one who has devoted his life to the Church must ever touch these jewels."

Augustus offered five, ten, fifteen, and up to a hundred francs, nominally for the poor if he might have the privilege of handling them, but vainly. Then he began to offer to buy them, till at last getting vexed by the simple negatives of the old gentleman, he asked to see his superior. A little while later he found himself engaged in a ridiculous conversation with an elderly priest, Father Antoine, whose countenance showed strength of character as well as sense of humour. Excited by his mania and by the almost insultingly simple refusals of the priest, Augustus went even so far as to offer ten thousand pounds for the enamels, and to point out indignantly to the priest that such a sum would be of a thousand times greater service to the poverty-cursed community than the dog-in-the-manger possession of the enamels; and he added that the sum was really absurd, and would be given by no one but a mad millionaire like himself. There was no real discussion; the priest simply and firmly said that neither the right of purchase nor of handling the enamels was a question of money at all, and that however poor the Church, it would never commit the crime of sully or parting with the jewels presented to it by the blessed St. Catherine herself.

"If you were to offer your millions instead of your thousands," said the priest, "the result would be just the same. We may be poor in money, yet are rich in pride and, I trust, in devotion to our dear Saint."

Poor Augustus retired utterly baffled, but covered his retreat gracefully by presenting the priest with a thousand francs for the poor of the parish, and during the next few days spent the greater part of his time in the company of the guide gazing at the enamels. Suddenly a telegram came—by diligence—to say that his sister Susan, the only creature in the world whom he loved, was ill; so he hastened to America, and found that she had got quite well by the time when he arrived.

## CHAPTER II.

The life of Augustus Judge became a burden to him. Day and night the image of the enamels of St. Catherine filled his mind. His collection interested him no more; the pieces seemed ridiculously insignificant. He made brave efforts to cast off this haunting thought, but in vain. Even his attempt to find distraction in social life was an utter failure, for after a few minutes' conversation with the most beautiful and brilliant of the belles of New York his thoughts turned to the little church in Brittany and its splendid treasure, and then his tongue dropped in his mouth, his eyes lost their light, his ears closed, and the belles turned their beautiful shoulders from him and called him a mannerless boor, and even a madman. His appetite fell off, sleep deserted him, his clothes grew too large, and at last he went to the doctors, the most expensive he could find. Since he did not mention the enamels to them, each diagnosed his case differently, and but for his unwitting wisdom in failing to follow any of the treatments prescribed,

he would have been as dead as George Washington's nurses in a month. The matter became serious, so serious that Augustus at last decided to take what he conceived to be the desperate step of going back to see the enamels again. He amused himself by calling this a homeopathic treatment.

The night that he made this resolution he went to sleep as soon as he got into bed. A few hours later he awoke: a bright light flashed in his face, and a masked man levelled a heavy revolver at his head. "You had better not shoot," said Augustus; "you would only rouse the servants, and gain very little too. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but really I'm only here on a visit, and all my valuables are at the bank. You can take my watch and chain, and pearl pin, of course, and there are a few hundred dollars in my purse."

"Nothing else handy?"

"Nothing really portable that I could get at without waking the servants, and then not much; and the servants happen to be armed."

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes—no, that is—"

"Honest Injun?"

"There is a collection of enamels in the cabinet there for which I have paid about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They might fetch five, but you would find it difficult and risky to sell them."

The burglar felt under the pillow, then said—

"Hold the top of the bed-rails with both hands," and after this he ransacked the cabinet, and began making up his prizes into a bundle. Suddenly a thought rushed into the millionaire's mind—a thought so staggering and unexpected that he exclaimed, "My God!" and dropped both his hands. The burglar wheeled round, levelled his revolver, paused for a tiny fraction of a second, and said—

"Don't do that again or I may shoot, and I don't want to hurt you."

"My good man," said Augustus, "yours is a dangerous, nasty business, and must be bad for the nerves; and you must suffer intensely in only getting a trifling part of the value of what you take. That bundle won't fetch a twentieth of its value, and you'll run awful risks in trying to dispose of it. Now, I have a proposition to make. Do you work single-handed?"

The man nodded.

"Well, I want you to do a job for me and with me, and with lots of money in it."

"You're getting at me," said the burglar.

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Judge. "I give you my word of honour. You can take those things and go, if you like; I don't care much about them, anyhow; but if you'll trust me I'll put you up to something much better."

The burglar came to the bedside, and studied the face of the millionaire.

"You look straight," he said; "what's your game?"

"I can't tell you now. If you stay here long the servants may hear something, and it would be unpleasant for all parties; besides, I am sleepy: you have awakened me from the first real sleep I have had for months. Now, you can go off free and with what you have got, in which case I shan't trust you with my scheme; or you can leave the things, and call here to-morrow at twelve, give the name of Mr. Jones, and ask for me. Now perhaps you will excuse me; I am awfully sleepy."

And he turned round and fell fast asleep without even bidding good-night to his visitor.

A few days later there was little to be read in the New York papers save entirely imaginary accounts of the circumstances connected with the sudden and bewildering disappearance of the millionaire. The general opinion was that he had been gradually going out of his mind and had committed suicide.

## CHAPTER III.

A few weeks later the Kerkandrek diligence brought two foreign guests to the Hôtel des Emaux. One was an old gentleman with grey hair and beard, big blue spectacles, and a more than respectable "corporation," who called himself Mr. William Atherton, and described himself as of Chapel House, Speke, banker; and the other, a dark, clean-shaven man, was George, his valet.

It is needless to say that the beard, grey hair, and "corporation" were false, and merely served to disguise the enameliomaniac, and that the valet was the masked man who had held a strange conversation late one night with Mr. Judge in his bed-room. Much to the surprise of the landlord of the little inn, his new guest showed no interest in the enamels or the church. Such a thing was unprecedented. No one else in the history of man, or rather the annals of Kerkandrek, had ever come to the place unless upon business or to see the enamels. The matter was deemed almost suspicious, until it was discovered that the old gentleman was a botanist, and had visited the town because he had been informed that an exceedingly rare, indeed almost unique, moss with a forty-syllable name grew somewhere in the district. This was much talked about, and the children and the inhabitants daily brought all kinds of the commonest mosses and grasses for the inspection of the botanist, who always received them

politely and distributed francs among them. After several days Mr. Judge expressed to the landlord the opinion that he had been making a fool of himself by looking comparatively far afield, and that he had been committing the folly expressed in the French phrase, "*Chercher midi à quatorze heures*," since probably the moss grew in some part of the walls of the church. The next day the church presented quite a curious spectacle; for a large number of the inhabitants of the town, and with them Mr. Judge, remarkably agile for his apparent age, and his valet were clambering in the gutters, crawling about time-worn gargoyles, and, indeed, visiting, with the aid of ladders, almost all parts of the old church. The search was interrupted by a heavy storm that came on at about five o'clock, and drove the inhabitants to their dinners. The storm was one of the fiercest in the records of the little town, and hardly a human being ventured out after dinner.

During the rain the two Englishmen, as they were called, despite a Transatlantic accent, were induced by the verger, who seemed slighted by their inattention to his treasures, to come and see the famous enamels. The old gentleman noticed with pleasure how keen an interest they seemed to take in the precious relics and the elaborate devices for its protection. While they were expressing their admiration, or, to be more accurate, while Augustus expressed his, Father Antoine, the priest with the strong face, came and joined in the conversation. Augustus turned pale, though there was nothing in the priest's face even to suggest that he recognised him.

That night there was a short, sharp conversation between Augustus and his accomplice. "We must do it to-night," said Augustus; "the priest may suspect something and put on a watchman."

The burglar pleaded for delay, or even abandonment.

"It is an easy job," he said, "so far as mere skill is concerned; but I don't like breaking into a church, though I am a pretty bad lot. And I thought it was a Protestant church when you first spoke to me of it."

"But I'm not going to rob them," replied Mr. Judge. "I'm going to leave in place of the enamels these notes, which they can never trace, for ten thousand pounds. They'll be glad enough of the transaction. Now," he said, "I rely upon your honour."

"Honour among thieves, you mean."

"Yes, if you put it that way. I rely upon your honour—*Arcades ambo*—"

"What does that mean?"

"Well, I don't know exactly—something like 'both in the same boat.' I've trusted you—trusted you with my money, and even my honour."

"Yes, that's so; and I feel proud, and will act straight to you; but—anyhow, I don't think much of those enamels, and I do wish—"

In the end, William gave way, and promised "to go through" with the job. Late at night, despite the blinding rain, the two men crept out of the back door of the inn, looking carefully to see that their bicycles were in trim, for a sixty-kilometres ride to Nantes was part of the programme. Not a soul was stirring in the village. They walked cautiously across the square and round to the north porch, which seemed the best point of attack.

William quietly produced his tools, and after a few minutes' work had opened the door. They entered, and then shut the door quietly. Utter, awful darkness! Augustus could feel that his comrade was trembling all over while he fumbled at the lamp. Suddenly came a thin streak of light from the lamp; both jumped and then laughed. They crept forward to the screen. To force it open was more difficult than they had expected, and for a quarter of an hour Augustus kept watch at the north door while his companion worked. Suddenly Augustus heard a clatter, and ran back.

"It's done," whispered William; "but a bit of the metal fell. Hush!"

Each held his breath—not a sound.

"I'm sure I heard a footstep," said William. "Let's drop it; I'm sweating awful."

"Nonsense! You heard nothing. Take a drink," and Augustus gave him a nip of brandy. They pushed open the door—it creaked horribly—crept through the choir, and again William used his instruments, and worked with immense energy. The minutes flew by; the metal was hard, and unexpected bolts disclosed themselves.

At last the outer door was opened, and through the grating, portcullis-like, gleamed the enamels. The burglar attacked the obstacle. Strange sounds became heard, for the wind had risen; pictures creaked, chains clanged, the hurry and scurry of rats became audible, and at every noise William started, paused, and groaned; and Augustus had to stay with him, and encourage him to work. At last William's task was finished: the grating was cut through and drawn out, the enamels were in the hands of Augustus! He hastily thrust a packet into the hole. Almost at the same moment came a crashing clang, seeming loud enough in the ears of the church-breakers to awaken the dead.

"Holy mother!" gasped William.



"Great Scot!" muttered the millionaire.

A moment later a great ray of light rushed on the guilty men: they looked up terror-stricken. To their hurried gaze the light seemed to come from the aureole of a large altar-figure of St. Peter.

William gave a wordless scream; his knees knocked against one another, the tools and broken grating fell from his nerveless hands. Suddenly he found strength and rushed down the choir, stumbling, bruising, and beating himself against different objects, and crashing into the screen; then he turned to the right and disappeared. Augustus followed as quickly as he could without danger to his prize. Just as he reached the screen a dark figure stepped from behind a pillar and stood in his way.

"Good evening, Mr. Judge."

Augustus recognised the voice of Father Antoine; he was trapped. Ugly thoughts crept into his mind. The priest guessed them.

"You may be armed, Mr. Judge; I am not: but wicked as you are, your wickedness is less than that."

"Yes, yes," said Augustus eagerly, "not so wicked as that, nor even so bad as you think me. Come, look!"

They walked to the little chapel; the priest took the packet from the hole.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs are there," said the millionaire—"ten thousand pounds."

"The sum you offered for the enamels. I might have guessed the—the name of the exchanger from the amount."

"I never thought of that. Now be a good man; take the money, and—"

"And leave you the enamels?" The priest stretched out his hand to take the frame: "Never!"

"At least I am going to examine them."

"No, no."

"But I will; don't try to stop me by force."

Augustus examined them in the brilliant light of the electric lamp.

A strange smile came over the strong face of Father Antoine; a strange thought rushed into the mind of Augustus. "Great heavens! it's mere glass and wire—an abominable modern sham."

The priest laughed—a loud, hearty laugh, which echoed and re-echoed through the old building. "It was after the war," he said, "when money was urgently needed, that my predecessor sold them to another collector, who promised to keep the affair secret; the imitation was made at Birmingham by the collector—secret for secret, Mr. Judge."

Augustus put down the frame. "My money?"

"It is in the hands of the Church. She never gives back—it is in *mortua manu*. Besides, there are repairs to be done—and don't you think that you ought to suffer a little for your—indiscretion? Think how much good this money will do to my poor parishioners."

"How did you find out that I—"

"I recognised your voice yesterday—the confessional makes our ears very acute. I saw you were frightened by me;

and guessed you would make your attempt to-night. You were earlier than I expected, or I should have stopped you sooner, and prevented the discovery of our secret, which, however, I think, is safe, seeing what might follow a disclosure."

The millionaire nodded, and then crawled out of the church like a beaten hound. Next day at Nantes Mr. Judge read with amusement the following paragraph in a local paper—

#### ALLEGED MIRACLE AT KERKANDREK.

On Tuesday a daring effort was made to rob the Church of St. Catherine at Kerkandrek of the famous enamels, the pride of the province. The burglars, evidently masters of their predatory profession, skilfully effected an entry, and cut through the elaborate defences of the treasure. Just as they



*A great ray of light rushed on the guilty men.*

clutched their prize a tremendous noise was heard, and immediately a powerful and apparently supernatural light burst upon them. The church-breakers fled in terror, leaving their prize, their tools, and even, strange to say, a bundle of notes of the Banque de France to the immense amount of two hundred and fifty thousand francs!

Father Antoine, awakened by the noise, hastened to the church. He discovered that the light in question was a strong new electric light in the organ-loft, but could not ascertain the cause of the noise. According to his tale the electric light was not turned on by mortals' hands. Doubtless the priests will claim that the affair is miraculous. The police have reason to believe that the burglars are two well-known Paris professionals, and expect to catch them soon.

"Great Scot!" said Augustus, "that priest's a clever man!"

"In a few days," answered William, "there will be a big pilgrimage to the Church of St. Catherine, and it will enjoy a colossal prosperity."

William was right.

THE END.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The new Canon of St. Paul's has always taken a warm interest in the work of Oxford House (Bethnal Green), and has more than once visited it. Readers of his brief Memoir of the late Mr. Ernest Roxburgh Balfour will remember the sympathetic reference to work and life in Bethnal Green. Canon Lang's rise in the Church has been almost more rapid than that of Bishop Winnington-Ingram himself. He was ordained deacon in 1890, and priest in 1891, and after ten years finds himself a Bishop.

Canon Ainger has returned to town from Clifton, and will preach at the Temple Church on Sunday mornings until the end of July.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who sails for America in June to take up his work as Mr. Moody's successor, has already said farewell to his congregation at Tollington Park. He will occupy the next three months with a farewell pilgrimage in the provinces, and has engagements to speak nearly every night during April. The announcement that he would give an address at the City Temple last week caused a rush for tickets, and every place was taken before the day of the meeting.

Father Waggett's course of sermons at St. Paul's during Holy Week was attended by only moderate congregations. This popular High Church preacher is not as yet very well known to Londoners, and his voice, unfortunately, does not quite suit the Cathedral.

The *Church Times* approves of Canon Gore's recent visit to Wesley's Chapel, observing that it is not only possible, but desirable, that Churchmen and Dissenters should meet more frequently as Christian students. "It often strikes us as we read commentaries and theological articles that we are many

steps nearer to religious unity than we were twenty years ago."

Canon Gore will be in residence at the Abbey till the end of April. The lectures on the Revelation have been perhaps the most successful Lenten course he has given in London. On Palm Sunday Professor Moule preached to a large evening congregation at the Abbey. Dean Bradley is in good health at present, and was able to undertake the evening service on Good Friday and the morning service on Easter Day.

The Rev. F. S. Baines, formerly Archdeacon of Durban, has been appointed Bishop of Natal. During recent years the Bishop-designate has acted as Secretary of the Council for Service Abroad.

The Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Lewis, completed his eightieth year just before Easter. He was born on March 27, 1821, eight months before the present Archbishop of Canterbury. His health is wonderfully good, and he still gets through a mass of diocesan work. V.





THE MILITARY RAILWAY: TERMINUS STATION NEAR THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKING.

DRAWN BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*From this station to the next the command is held by the British; then the Germans assume control of the line, formerly held by the Russians.*





AN INTERNATIONAL TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT TIENSIN: MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD BY THE ANGLO-INDIAN GARRISON ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

DRAWN BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*The Anglo-Indian troops were 1400 strong. All the foreign officers attended. The weather was bitterly cold and windy.*



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE BY MR. JOHN SCHÜSBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.)



CHINESE IMPRESSED BY THE JAPANESE AS LABOURERS TO FORTIFY THE RAILWAY STATION AT ANTING.



THE PUNISHMENT FOR ROBBING CHINESE CHRISTIANS: A CHINAMAN FLOGGED AT THE TEMPLE OF THE FAH-WU-SU BY ORDER OF THE POLICE COMMISSION.



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÜNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.



RUINS OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE PEI-TA-HO RIVER AT HANKU, DESTROYED BY THE BOXERS.

*The river has been frozen all winter, thus in some degree compensating for the loss of the bridge; but owing to the broken ice at the edges, communication with Shun-ha'-kwan has been rendered impassable for days together.*



THE BLOWING UP OF THE SHIKOO ARSENAL, CHÉEFOO, BY THE GERMANS.

*The Arsenal was only partially destroyed by Admiral Seymour, but the Germans have now completely destroyed it. They blew up the building by three explosions. First, however, they took the timbers and wheels of the gun-carriages and sold them to a contractor to be used as firewood.*





THE ESCAPE FROM THE DUNGEON.

DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.

*The scene is laid in the "Hold," the most ancient part of the Tolhouse, or municipal building, at Great Yarmouth. The "Hold" is an underground chamber 20 feet long by 12 feet wide and about 16 feet high. Its use as the gaol of Great Yarmouth is believed to date from the time of Henry III.*





THE BOER PRISONER AS TOY-MAKER ON BOARD SHIP.

*The prisoners, who have never been toy-makers before, show a wonderful ingenuity, although their only tools are pocket-knives or instruments made with the pocket-knife.*



THE RIOTS IN ST. PETERSBURG: COSSACKS DRIVING BACK THE CROWD WITH THE KNOT.





By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

THE GENTLE MUSIC OF THE BYGONE DAY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. STRUDWICK.





By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

DIVIDED AFFECTION.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. J. ELSFY.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Sacred Fount.* By Henry James. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Tapu of Banderah.* By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (London: Pearson. 6s.)  
*Seventy Years at Westminster: With Other Letters and Notes of the Late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P.* Edited by his Daughter. (London: Blackwoods. 7s. 6d.)  
*The Highlands of Asiatic Turkey.* By Earl Percy, M.P. (London: Edward Arnold.)  
*Virgin Saints and Martyrs.* By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)  
*A Cuirassier of Arran's.* By Claude Bray. (London: Sands. 6s.)  
*London Memories.* By Charles William Heckethorn. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Those of us who are ardent admirers of Mr. Henry James suffer frequent irritation from the strictures of his critics: they are so utterly, so hopelessly out of touch with his intention, temper—in a word, with his art. We are not sure, however, that in his latest book, "The Sacred Fount," Mr. James has not put into the enemy's hand a stick wherewith to beat him. It is not that there are introduced into this novel (if novel we may call it) any new qualities to detract from our delight. There certainly is no diminution of the old qualities that ministered to it. Delicacy, finish, fun of a kind, and an almost fiendish dexterity, the aim and method peculiar to the writer, and an ardent enthusiasm in pursuit of them—all are here as of old. But in this book they are, far more than ever even in his latest manner, waywardly applied. That it is impossible in the limits of a review to tell the story of "The Sacred Fount" says nothing. It says almost everything for it that, as with all its author's stories, you cannot tell it with a word less or more than he himself employs. But is there a story to tell? And if there is, does it amount to anything more than the story of how a man debated whether or not there was a story to tell? Even the result of that debate is in doubt: half the readers of the book will conclude that there was no "sacred fount" at all, or that, at any rate, it was not tapped. Not, again, that this matters; for it is not the pursuit of the "sacred fount" theory that engages Mr. James, but the twists and turns of the minds of those who pursued it. These are conceived and followed with an almost incredible ingenuity; and for those who can completely enter into the spirit of it, Mr. James's ingenuity alone is a sufficient entertainment, even throughout 316 pages. But such a complete entering into the spirit of it, besides being in all probability very rare, might also be difficult of justification.

"The Tapu of Banderah," which gives a title to a new volume of tales and sketches by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery, tells how a party of whites were saved by the action of Banderah, a chief of the island of Mayou. Banderah ties green cocoanut boughs on the fence surrounding the house in which the whites sheltered, and so made the house *tapu*, which is to say that it and all in it were sacred. The incident of the *tapu* does not strike us as the most critical in the story; and, indeed, the story is rather disappointing, because the conversations of the characters in the beginning of it foreshadow a very pretty complication, which in the end is dashed by the outbreak from which the *tapu* saves the whites. In this respect "The Tapu of Banderah" is representative of the remaining contents of this (it must be confessed) rather haphazard volume. They also derive their chief interest from the light they throw on particular habits and customs in the South Seas, or on curious conditions of life in Australia and the islands. Several of them are not stories at all, but jauntily told chapters in history. Such are "The Beginning of the Sea Story of Australia" (a suggestive title), "The Gallant, Good Riou," "The South Seaman." Of fiction pure and simple, the best example, perhaps, is "Foster's Letter of Marque"; and there are the makings of a strong story in "In the Far North." But as examples of the art of the short story the tales in "The Tapu of Banderah" do not rank. They will be read with entertainment and pleasure, and with the interest that, happily, has been awakened in the life of the distant parts of the Empire; but we confess that we grudge the authors the excellent material of which they make so poor a use in their attempts to work it up into fiction.

Sir John Mowbray confided to *Blackwood's Magazine* during his lifetime two articles, which go to the making of this somewhat bulked-out book. A third *Blackwood* article, only begun at the time of his death, and completed and published by his daughter, is also given. They do not make a record that is easily classified; they are not an autobiography, nor yet are they a history. The records made belong rather to the order of business minutes. They do not soar up in fancy, nor yet dive below that outward surface which the ordinary reporter presents. All the same, an amiable and excellent member of Parliament could not pass all those years in association with great public men without having here and there a glimpse not available to those further removed from Westminster. In one such particular the book is remarkable. Sir John puts in the minutes a record of his personal affection for Lord Beaconsfield, whom he had known for nearly thirty years of public life. Other recorders have paid

their tributes to Disraeli's tact and courage as a party leader, and have illustrated his power as a character-reader by stories similar to Sir John's anecdote about the impression made upon Disraeli by an early speech of the Lord Robert Cecil who was afterwards to be his successor as Prime Minister. But nobody—not Sir William Fraser even—has paid quite the same sort of reverential homage to Disraeli as that which Sir John Mowbray offers. There is another Disraeli note. Once Sir John spoke to Lady Beaconsfield about her husband's spare dinner and assiduous attendance in the House of Commons, and expressed wonderment that he could keep himself going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home; and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes lights." The late supper does not seem to be entirely convincing as a recipe for a good night's rest and refreshment; but the "lights," at least, are in character.

A thoughtful, statesmanlike, and deeply interesting book is the outcome of Earl Percy's third trip to the "Highlands of Asiatic Turkey." His route lay from Scutari through the provinces of Asia Minor, Armenia, and Kurdistan to the Tigris, where he forsook the saddle for the raft, and drifted comfortably down to Baghdad.



BITLIS.

Reproduced from "The Highlands of Asiatic Turkey," by permission of Mr. Edward Arnold.

There are few subjects concerning which the average Briton has heard so much and knows so little as the condition of the Armenians. English visitors to regions inhabited by the Nestorian Christians have been few, and the present work by a peculiarly alert and discriminating traveller is therefore the more welcome. It is a gloomy atmosphere, that breathed by the peacefully disposed subjects of the Sultan in Asia Minor. Between corrupt judges and rapacious farmers of revenue at home, highway robbery and tribal disturbance abroad, the rank and file of the people can hardly find life worth living. Miserably poor for the most part, they are hospitable to a degree, and helpful to the traveller who comes among them as did the author. In parts the country is very beautiful, and to him who can rough it light-heartedly it offers a rich field, be he archaeologist, naturalist, or student of humanity. Lord Percy displays an exceedingly judicial spirit when discussing those troubles of which we hear most, and we fear it must be admitted that there have been faults on both sides. The reformed judicial system introduced by Turkey under pressure from the Powers appears to have justified Lord Currie's prediction of probable failure. Corruption among the official classes in Asia Minor is the outcome, not of religious animosity, but simply of utterly insufficient pay. In some of the Eastern districts Kurdish nomads, though their power has to some extent been broken, still keep the country in a state of perpetual unrest; and Lord Percy had frequent opportunity of gauging the terror in which these wild tribes are held in the

conduct of his own followers. There are curious and suggestive points of contact between certain passages in this book and in Mr. Michie's "Englishman in China," recently reviewed in these columns. We refer more especially to the striking similarity between the observations of either writer on Russian as contrasted with British prestige, and methods whereby one is upheld and the other impaired. Many excellent illustrations from photographs enhance the attractions of an instructive and eminently readable book.

In "Virgin Saints and Martyrs" Mr. Baring-Gould has forsaken for a time the flowery path of fiction, and in the task which he has set himself he has not hesitated to use much plainness of speech. Indeed, so lively and so moving are his descriptions of the sufferings endured by some of these frail women that one's natural shrinking and horror at the recital of such monstrosities are only equalled by an admiring wonder for the marvellous patience and courage with which they were triumphantly endured. Incredible as the record seems, Mr. Baring-Gould is at pains not to exaggerate; he sifts the true from the false with the utmost scrupulosity, and endeavours to give a fair and unbiassed history; and yet, after making all possible allowances, the truth cannot be otherwise than gruesome. But among the duties of a biographer Mr. Baring-Gould certainly does not rank that of an indiscriminating admiration; he sees the little defects and futilities of which these excellent but occasionally misguided women were capable, and, as in the case of St. Theresa, he turns them off with a certain shrewd and quiet humour. Of Sister Dora, that saint of the last century, many memorable things are told.

"'Tis an ill-wind that blows nobody good," and the ill-starred house of Stuart would seem to be an unfailing spring from which the writers of historical romances may draw at their pleasure. Mr. Claude Bray is the latest to bring it under contribution, and although he is no Jacobite, a reading of "A Cuirassier of Arran's" reveals plainly enough that something of the glamour and the spell which made a blind devotion to the Stuarts the ruling passion of many a life has fallen upon him also. This book deals with the last days of the reign of the Second James, and so with the final downfall of that melancholy dynasty. The story marches throughout to a lively measure, as such stories should: the hero—a somewhat Quixotic and altogether honourable youth, the Cuirassier of the title-page—falls from the frying-pan into the fire, and so back to the frying-pan, in the most approved fashion, nor ever rests till at the very last he takes the lady of his heart to his bosom and vanishes with her into peace—at least, we hope so. Mr. Claude Bray is not a brilliant writer, but he is apparently a close student of history, and has a very fair grasp of character.

"But where is Russell Square?" The question was not put from the Bench—it was an inquiry put by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker in the House of Commons at a time when the Square had already ceased to be quite the fashion. The glories of Southampton House and Montagu House had departed; and, if Lord Monmouth had inhabited it, Mr. Rigby would hardly have been found on his doorstep so frequently. Royalty, moving westward, took all men with it—from the Tower to Baynard's Castle in Upper Thames Street, thence to Bridewell (which was Henry the Eighth's Palace before it was a common prison), and thence to Whitehall. Those were the days when Bow Street had the witty Earl of Dorset, the Earl of Drogheda, Harley, Earl of Oxford, Edmund Waller, and Sir Godfrey Kneller among its residents; when the Duke of Ancaster, the Duke of Newcastle, the great Lord Somers, Sir John Soane (who leaves a large mark behind him) lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and when the only connection between Bohemia and Leicester Square was the house on its north side inhabited by Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of James I. Of these things Mr. Heckethorn writes in his chapter on "Vicissitudes of London Houses." Then had even Soho Square "its glorious memories," a reminiscence which surely makes as large a call as any romance upon the reader's imagination. Yet Mr. Heckethorn sets out with a note of envy of the novelist; he, for his part, is the chronicler and the historian. But he has supplies of romance for those who follow him into "Old London Hermitages," who walk with him "The Blackfriars of the Past," stroll in his company through "Religious Houses of the Past," stand with him on "Vauxhall Bridge," and take passing glances at "Windmills, Vanes, and Weathercocks." The description of Bayswater as "land to the north-west of the City, where there were some pleasant and plentiful springs, to which the name of Baynard's Water was given," suggests the shortening process by which the present name came into being. The lost wells and springs of Old London make a record which cannot be read without regrets. Even Holborn was an Old Bourne, and the H that we have gained does not compensate us for the loss of what Stow describes as a pathway "full of springs." Mr. Heckethorn has made his "Memories" historical and topographical rather than social or personal; and all the greater is his achievement in producing a thoroughly interesting book.





1. Carton. 2. The Duchess's Garden from the Lake. 3. Maynooth Castle (the Home of the FitzGerald). 4. The Lake. 5. Another View of the Lake.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS: CARTON, MAYNOOTH, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It was Lord Palmerston who opined that the battle of life was fought "below the belt," and that a good cook and an equally good cellarman would prove the combatants' most judicious bottle-holders. The battle of life, even with the most materialistic, does not necessarily exclude all thought of what "lies beyond," and such thoughts are likely to obtrude themselves more pertinently during Lent than during any other period of the year. The faithful Catholic is then more strict in his observances than at other times, and chief among his denials is a pretty prolonged abstention from flesh. To those who observe carefully, the fact is patent enough even in the capital, though at the first blush it would seem unwise to take the capital as a standard in that respect. At the first blush only; for, as it happens, the Metropolis attains that dignity in the way of an exemplar. If a regular census could be taken, it would be found that there are more adults of both sexes on the banks of the Seine who abstain from meat than there are either in the rural centres proper or even in the great provincial towns. Of course, I mean proportionately.

At the same time, it ought in common fairness to be stated that this superiority from a religiously observant point of view has a reverse side, which is not often taken into consideration except by those who are not inclined to accept things mainly on their face value. The penance of the Parisians in the matter of discarding the flesh of beoves and calves, and sheep and fowl, is not unlike that of the pilgrim with the boiled peas in his shoes. It is much more apparent than real. There is not much hardship in banishing from either the festive or the domestic board the rib of beef, the shoulder or leg of mutton, the loin of veal, or even the poularde de Bresse, in favour of the "terrine de saumon truffée," the "bêchamel de turbot," the "homard à la Française," and the "laitance de carpes"; and all these, with a score more of exquisite dishes, stare one in the face at Chevet's and at Potel and Chabot's; while for more modest purses the ordinary grocers supply less expensive but equally toothsome dainties. I have said nothing of the hundred and one preserved or natural vegetables, all of which are practically within the reach of the humblest housewife's budget, and which, if the English champions of vegetarianism were half as practical as they are loud-voiced, they would have imported long ago, with a probable result to their crusade which their pseudo-humanitarian, pseudo-aesthetic preaching will not effect for many a year to come.

All the culinary chefs-d'œuvre in the way of fish I have just enumerated are nevertheless, upon the whole, for the well-to-do. There is, however, a much more abundant supply of the "live yield" of the sea in Paris than is commonly supposed by the uninitiated; and the Parisian matron has neither to submit to the exactions of the retail fishmonger nor to trudge to the central market for it, as she is bound to do in cities which give themselves greater, though by no means justified, airs on that score. The fishmonger as we understand him, with his frequently absurd charges and his determination to keep prices up, while ever so many tons of excellent food are literally wasted in that effort, does not exist in Paris. There are throughout the length and breadth of Paris a score of markets, built on the model of the Halles Centrales, where magnificent soles, salmon in the season, plaice, smelts, whiting, and the rest can be bought at prices not higher, and sometimes lower, than at the chief establishment. And the *marchande de quatre saisons*—read costermonger—has often got wares on her barrow as unexceptionable as those obtainable at the permanent centres of supply.

In fact, the very expeditious despatch of fish was, long before the era of railways and even of mail coaches, a constant thought with the powers that were. While corn, meat, and other commodities were hampered in their transit from one province to another, the prompt expedition of fish from the seaports was made the subject of special enactments. In the event of horses being killed in virtue of the necessities of rapid travelling, the indemnity to their owners was fixed beforehand. There is not the least doubt that religious considerations dictated those measures; for it must be borne in mind that the Catholic year contains one hundred and fifty days on which the faithful ought to abstain from meat; and there is equally no doubt that the Church worried the Governments to have the main substitute for meat brought in sufficient quantities to Paris.

For both the Church and the Sovereigns treated those severely who disobeyed the Lenten abstinence. In Henri the Second's time they were whipped, and often suffered imprisonment besides. Brantôme, that inveterate gossip who has an amusing story for nearly every event that comes under his observation, tells of a certain dame who during Lent went to dine with her lover off a quarter of lamb and a ham. The fumes of the good fare went through the open window into the street, and the archers of the watch made their way into the apartment, whence they routed the *cicisbeo*, but took his lady-love and paraded her through the streets, with the quarter of lamb—with the spit still stuck into it—over her shoulder, and the ham hung round her neck.

This is only one of a hundred stories; and in all cases woman, who in reality cares little for what she eats, has been made the scapegoat for man, who is by no means indifferent on the subject. At present she is perfectly safe by reason of the multiplicity of dishes she has concocted, for she has removed from the path of the sterner sex the temptation to transgress. And as a dear, worthy country cleric said the other day: "That's the reason why the Parisians ask for fewer dispensations than the provincials. Their so-called makeshift dishes are better than our regular ones; besides, all the good fish goes to Paris, whence, now and again, it comes back to us after half a day's delay, and, of course, not as good as it went." This is in substance the remark of Henri Rochefort, who when at Trouville or Dieppe orders the fish for his luncheon or dinner from Paris by telegraph.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

M J H (Kensington). The only one likely for your purpose that we know is Mr. F. R. Gittins, the well-known author of "The Chess Bouquet," 6, Victoria Avenue, Lawden Road, Camp Hill, Birmingham, who would probably do what you want for a very moderate charge.

MARTIN F.—Your praise of No. 2968 is well deserved, and expresses the opinion of many correspondents.

J L ROBERTS.—Please look again. How can the mate be avoided?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2963 and 2964 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2965 from C A M (Penang), B H Van Noorden (Cape Town), Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), and Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2966 from Richard Burke (Ceylon); of No. 2967 from Robert M Renshaw (Richmond, Virginia); of No. 2968 from J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2969 from Hereward, Rev. E. Yates, J Muxworthy (Hock), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2970 from Hereward, J Muxworthy, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Laura Greaves (Shelton), J A S Hanbury (Moseley), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), H Le Jeune, Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), and F S (Laversham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2971 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), A B Nunes, E J Winter Wood, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F W Moore (Brighton), Rev. J Thomas (Exmouth), Miss E M Thomas (Exmouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), F J S (Hampstead), J Muxworthy, J W (Campsie), F R Pickering, Edward Bull (Chelsea), Clement C Dauby, Augustus Lunghi, Hereward, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), F H Marsh (Bridport), Shadforth, F Dalby, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Sorrento, C M A B, Frank R Wilkinson (Belfast), H H B, Miss D Gregson, and T Roberts.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2970.—By H. COURTENAY FOX.

WHITE.

1. B to K 5th
2. Kt to B 4th
3. R to K 6th, mate.

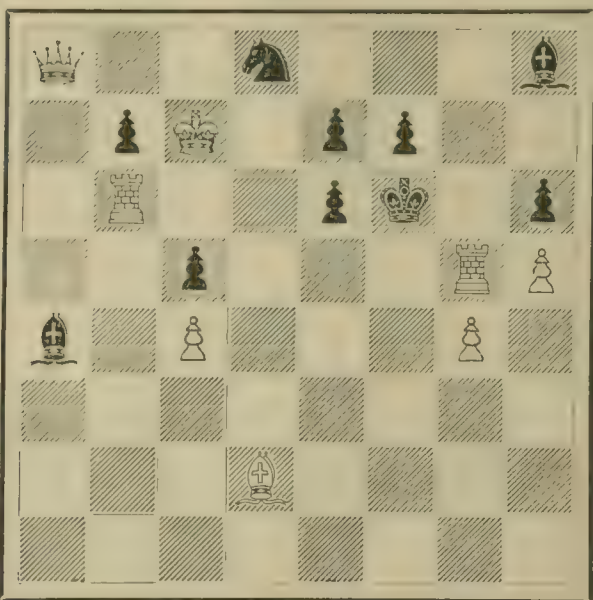
If Black play 1. K to K 5th; 2. Kt to B 4th, etc. There is another solution commencing with 1. R to B sq; 2. Kt to K 5th, etc.

BLACK.

- K takes B
- K to K 5th

PROBLEM No. 2973.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN FRANCE.

Game played in the Correspondence Tourney of *La Stratégie* between Messrs. P. HUMBERT (Paris) and J. SYBIL (Russia).

(Ruy Lopez.)

- |                  |                |                    |                |
|------------------|----------------|--------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. H.)   | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. H.)     | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th     | 15. P to B 5th     | B takes B      |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 16. P takes B      | Kt to K 4th    |
| 3. B to Kt 5th   | Kt to B 3rd    | 17. P takes P (ch) | K takes P      |
| 4. Castles       | Kt takes P     | 18. P to Q B 3rd   |                |
| 5. P to Q 4th    | Kt to Q 3rd    |                    |                |
| 6. P takes P     | Kt takes B     |                    |                |
| 7. P to Q R 4th  |                |                    |                |

A variation which has attracted attention recently owing to a remarkable example of it played in the Paris Tournament.

7. P to Q 3rd  
A strong defence, to which the best reply is as in this game. White is bound to play thus to keep the Black pieces shut in and maintain the close character of the opening.

- |                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 8. P to K 6th      | B takes P       |
| 9. P takes Kt      | Kt to K 4th     |
| 10. R to K sq      | Q to B 3rd      |
| 11. Kt to K Kt 5th | B to K 2nd      |
| 12. P to K B 4th   | Kt to Q 2nd     |
| 13. Q to K 2nd     | Q to Q 5th (ch) |
| 14. K to R sq      | B takes Kt      |

White's real difficulty is that he cannot now very easily get his Queen's pieces free. This, as will be seen, leads ultimately to the loss of a very finely played game.

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 18. Q to B 2nd (ch) | Q to Q 6th       |
| 19. R takes B       | Kt to Kt 3rd     |
| 20. Q to Kt sq      | K R to K B sq    |
| 21. Q to Kt sq      | Kt to Kt 5th     |
| 22. P to K R 3rd    | Kt to B 7th (ch) |
| 23. K to R 2nd      | P to K R 4th     |
| 24. P to Q B 4th    | P to R 5th       |
| 25. R to R 2nd      | Q to B 4th       |
| 26. K R to Q B 3rd  | Q to K 4th (ch)  |
| 27. P to Kt 3rd     | Kt to K 5th      |
| 28. K R to B 2nd    | R to B 4th       |
| 29. Kt to Q 2nd     | R to B 7th (ch)  |
| 30. K to R sq       | Kt takes P (ch)  |
| 31. R takes Kt      | P takes R        |

White resigns.

## CHESS IN ITALY.

Game played between Dr. BASSANO and Mr. MILIANI.

(Two Knights Defence.)

- |                  |                |                 |                  |
|------------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Dr. B.)   | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Dr. B.)  | BLACK (Mr. M.)   |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th     | 11. Kt takes Q  | B to Kt 5th      |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 12. Q to Q 2nd  | Kt to Q 5th      |
| 3. B to B 4th    | Kt to B 3rd    | 13. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 6th (ch) |
| 4. P to Q 3rd    | B to B 4th     | 14. P takes Kt  | B takes P        |
| 5. Castles       | P to Q 3rd     |                 |                  |
| 6. B to K Kt 5th | P to K R 3rd   |                 |                  |
| 7. B to R 4th    | P to K Kt 4th  |                 |                  |
| 8. B to K Kt 3rd | P to K R 4th   |                 |                  |
| 9. Kt takes P    | P to R 6th     |                 |                  |
| 10. Kt takes B P | P takes B      |                 |                  |

Another game between the same players.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

- |                 |                |                        |                |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. M.)  | BLACK (Dr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. M.)         | BLACK (Dr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th     | 9. P takes P (en pas.) | P to Q 4th     |
| 2. P to K B 4th | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 10. B takes B          | B to K 3rd     |
|                 |                | 11. B takes B          | P takes B      |
|                 |                | 12. Q to R 5th (ch)    | K to Q 2nd     |
|                 |                | 13. Q to B 7th (ch)    | K takes P      |
|                 |                | 14. P to K 5th (ch)    | K takes P      |
|                 |                | 15. P to K 4th (ch)    | K to Q 4th     |
|                 |                | 16. R to B 5th (ch)    | K to B 5th     |
|                 |                | 17. Q takes P (ch)     | Q to Q 4th     |
|                 |                | 18. Q to K 2nd, mate.  |                |

Not a good defence to the gambit. B to B 4th is much superior.

3. Kt to K B 3rd B to B 4th  
4. B to B 4th P to K R 3 d  
This seems quite a waste of valuable time.

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 5. Q to K 2nd  | Kt to Q 5th  |
| 6. Kt takes Kt | B takes Kt   |
| 7. P to B 3rd  | B to Kt 3rd  |
| 8. P takes P   | P to Q B 3rd |
| 9. R to B sq   |              |

It is only necessary to point out where White begins to go wrong. It is at move six. It is not good play to pin the Kt after casting. The subsequent play is all pretty well known to book students, but is not often seen in actual play.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

To the geologist the study of the work of rivers is one of the most interesting and most important items which concern his science. River-action affords a clue to the manner in which much of the work of earth-sculpture has been carried out, while it shows us how the "wear and tear" of the old land is transported to form the materials out of which the rocks of the future will arise. I should say that the story of a river, properly told, as the late Professor Huxley told the story of the Thames in his "Physiography," forms one of the best and easiest introductions to the whole history of our earth, as that history is construed by the geologist. You see what erosion means, and you learn the importance of the element of time as applied to Nature's operations. So, also, you note how the debris worn from the land settles down in lake and sea, and appears in an ordered sequence as the sedimentary rocks of future ages. Then, too, you appreciate how the bodies of animals and plants falling into the river's embrace are carried down to be entombed in the soft deposits, to have their organic structure replaced by mineral matter, and thuswise to constitute the fossil remains that tell us the story of the life of our earth's past.

Such thoughts as these are suggested by the perusal of a condensed report (collected by Mr. W. H. Wheeler) on the Mississippi River, from the pen of Mr. J. A. Ockerson, member of the U.S. Mississippi Commission, Eighth Navigation Congress. This report contains material which may well afford food for thought to all who delight in the story of a great cosmical work. For that work can only be described by the epithet "great," seeing that, not merely as regards its extent, but also as regards its results, it is probably without a parallel in all the records of river-action which the world knows. Some of the figures given us are almost appalling in their immensity. Thus the "Great Father of Rivers" has a course 2550 miles long, and the tributaries thereof measure 15,000 miles in length, these being the navigable ones only. It has a drainage area of a million and a half of square miles, which takes in nearly half of the United States, and equals in extent all Europe, Russia being left out of the calculation. It rises away up in North Minnesota, where the Itasca State Park, a space of twenty-eight square miles, including the basin of the lake, preserves the source for ever as a piece of national property.

Long ago in an old volume of *Scribner's Magazine* I read an article which dealt with the truly heroic labours of Captain Eads, in his work of making an open navigable channel at the Mississippi mouth, whereby ships could at all times pass up to New Orleans. This city lies 110 miles from the Gulf, and its wharves take up fifteen miles of river front. Previously to the labours of Eads, ships were often kept waiting for days and days on account of their inability to cross the bar. There are three main channels whereby the river-delta opens into the sea, and Eads, selecting the smallest of the three, conceived the notion of making the river keep its own passage clear. That which, after many defeats and rebuffs, he got Congress to permit him to do was to extend the natural bounds of the channel into deep water. As things were, the force of the river became lessened, because the current was no longer confined within banks. The difficult nature of the work may be estimated—that of making walls or banks to the river on a bed of shifting materials. By means of mattress-like structures made of the willows on the banks, sunk with stones, Eads at last had the satisfaction of seeing "the Father of Waters" confined within his new bounds. The river velocity being thus increased, it literally scoured its own channel clear, and swept the debris drawn from the heart of the Continent right out into the Mexican Gulf. The passage of ships up the river at all states of the tide was thus rendered possible. There are twenty-six feet of water at low tide, and although the period for which Eads's contract held good has now run out, America, I trust, will not forget the name of her benefactor, or allow his great work to lapse through inattention.

The delta of this great river forms one of its most singular features. It is five hundred miles in length, by thirty to forty miles broad, and has an area of 400,000 square miles. The debris of the American territory gathered by the river in its course filters out on to the Gulf coast-line in the fan-like shape seen on our maps at the rate of 362 millions of tons every year. The line of coast receiving this wear and tear extends to 150 miles. We are told that if the matter which the river thus carries down had to be taken away in ships, for one half the distance it is transported (3000 miles), at a low rate of water-carriage, the cost of transport would amount to 238 millions of pounds. This is calculating the rate at a tenth of a penny per ton per mile. Such figures may well startle us when we think they apply to the work of earth-sculpture by one river alone. When we begin to add to the Mississippi's work the record of that effected by other big streams, we may appreciate somewhat the rate at which this "fine old world" of ours is being worn away.

But the traffic of the Mississippi would be impossible of maintenance unless, in the navigable reaches, the stream was kept clear of snags or drift-wood which tends to accumulate at the bends of the stream, and of the shoals and sandbanks that are apt to form wherever the circumstances favour the deposition of the debris. I read of big dredgers that can raise 4000 cubic yards of stuff in an hour, and which take all sorts of material up into their pipes, through which centrifugal pumps deliver it over on the banks. The commercial idea here runs parallel with the scientific consideration of the river and its work. It is, however, not the least interesting part of this history that the geologist teaches us that what we see in the work of the village brook, we also discern in the labour of the giant river. The actions are essentially the same in their nature. Each is wearing away the land through which it flows, and the difference between them is not one of kind—it is only one of degree.



# THE GREAT NILE DAM AT ASSOUAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE CONTRACTORS, MESSRS. JOHN AIRD AND CO.



THE WORKS VIEWED FROM THE NAVIGATION CHANNEL.



THE VIEW FROM THE WEST BANK, LOOKING EAST.



EXCAVATION OF THE WESTERN CHANNEL LOOKING EAST.



THE WORKS VIEWED FROM THE WEST BANK, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.



## LADIES' PAGE.

There is a great exaggeration in the cuffs and sleeves on many gowns. They cannot be too complicated to be fashionable, but it is easy for a *couturière* without a precise taste to make her sleeves ugly. Hugo revers near the elbow destroying the outline of the arm, or puffs that are elaborately betrimmed, or perhaps slit up the back and *bouillonnés*, are not really graceful. The sleeve made slightly full and



GREY CLOTH GOWN BRAIDED IN BLACK.

cut off a little short, and turned back to show a transparent undersleeve gracefully puffed, is generally pretty. The bell end to the upper sleeve is less often seen on the newest gowns than one that opens up the back of the arm to give just enough fullness for the under-puff to appear. It is by no means indispensable that the cuff and the front of the corsage should be absolutely similar. The chemisette may be of some fancy material, or embroidered with gold or decorated with bright passementeries, while the cuff is a simple puff of white silk muslin or of lace over chiffon. Still, it always looks better when there is agreement between the various portions of a costume, to my thinking, and all "oddment" or "remnant" effect is avoided. A good many cloth gowns are being made with the sleeve cut slightly full and set into a cuff-band that hooks tightly round the wrist, and that is trimmed with some embroidery or galon—a modified "bishop's sleeve," in short, with a decorated cuff. A pretty and original sleeve was cut in just that slightly full manner, but not set into a band; on the contrary, it was vandyked round the bottom, and fell loosely around the wrist above a little under-puff of lace. Another cloth dress had the sleeve cut similarly—quite to the wrist and very slightly full, falling over an under-cuff of pleated muslin; while in this case the top sleeve was trimmed with a band of velvet under the arm, curving up to the elbow, and with stitchings round, on the top of the arm. Some sleeves are constructed with a little puff at the elbow, either inserted or drawn through slashings of the upper sleeve.

For a little spring coat nothing is smarter than a bolero cut off to the waist behind and over the hips and with long pointed ends in front. Wide, flat collars, or revers passing into sailor collars behind, in either case leaving a little opening at the throat for the display of the chemisette or jabot and the cravat, finish these little coats at the top. Black cloth is, of course, the most utilitarian material for their construction; and black glacé is the smartest. A fawn cloth coat strapped with fawn

glacé, and having revers of sky-blue panne edged with a narrow line of gold lace, was more dressy. A very smart little coat, still in the bolero shape above described, was made of black cloth decoupé, finished with lace stitches employed to join the outlines of the patterns, so as to give the whole almost the appearance of guipure lace. This was laid over shot green and blue glacé; the revers were of spotted panne, having a pale blue ground with navy peas upon it; and it fastened by scarves of shot green and blue glacé drawn through the open portions of the cut-out cloth at intervals down the front, each tie ending in a gold *ferret*. Oriental embroidery, in those rich combinations of many colours that the East has taught us, is much used for revers and deep collars on black. Sky-blue is its favoured rival; this colour in panne or in soft satin, embroidered all over with a fine tracery of gold, or alternatively decorated by many lines of narrow gold galon running round the revers, the collar, or the yoke, with a deep cuff to match over a muslin under-cuff, is a very popular and generally becoming finish to either a black, a fawn, or a biscuit-coloured cloth bolero coat. The moment such bright decorations are added, however, the garment, whatever its material, is removed from the category of the useful drudges of the wardrobe, and becomes suitable only for certain places and for the smarter occasions of life. This is not the case with lace or with plain panne parements; with these a black glacé or a fawn cloth coat remains a simple article of attire, always suitable for wear in any circumstances.

Graceful and pretty gowns are seen in our Illustrations. Both show the possibilities of soft grey cloth. That one with the draped bodice is trimmed very effectively with double bands of black velvet ribbon with insertion of lace between. The hat is a folded grey chiffon trimmed with roses. The other dress is prettily braided in black and strapped with black velvet and lace insertion. The hat is of white chiffon, roses and lace. With the elaborate dresses that are now worn, coats are out of place, and a pretty chiffon boa is a great improvement to a spring costume.

Gold is still seen, adding a touch of smartness to most costumes. If it be not on the dress itself, it may be added in the form of *aiguillettes* affixed to the ends of a cravat, or to those of a bow perched somewhere on the corsage; or there may be a collar-band of gold galon to support a jabot of pleated muslin or lace. The little finish at the throat is a matter of great importance this season. For a plain tailor-made or a simple cotton morning frock, one contents oneself with a pretty cravat; for a more complete toilette there must be a smarter jabot or tied bow at the chin, or else a ruffle. For the simpler style, a nice finish is the little plain cravat of black velvet ribbon. Have it an inch wide or rather less; pass it round the base of your collar from front to back, cross it behind, and bring it round again to the front; knot it on your bosom just as your brother makes the knot of his cravat (but not too high up), and stick in the knot a pretty jewelled pin or tiny brooch; then enclose the hanging ends of your ribbon in gilt *aiguillettes*, and your cravat is complete. In just the same way, again, you may employ a pliable galon of gold; but this is better cut and fixed in position, hooking invisibly at the back, as it is too stiff to make the knot easily each time of wearing. These you would wear with a collar and chemisette of pleated muslin or of soft silk that you did not wish to cover. But suppose it is a question of making the entire collar and front to appear between the edges of the bolero, fancy can have unlimited scope with the variations that can be made by black velvet ribbon, gold galon or tissue, and soft white material. The smallest pieces of real lace will do you good service now, for they can be mounted on chiffon or muslin to display themselves to full advantage. A little soft white silk folded round the throat, bearing a butterfly bow of black velvet ribbon in front, its four ends set into steel *ferrets*, and a morsel of old rose-point peeping out of the folds; a collar of mousseline-de-soie,

set under the chin with a bow of white silk bordered round with Oriental galon, the ends trimmed with scraps of Brussels lace; and a third with mousseline for collar, a coquille of good old lace falling *en jabot* from the front of it, intermixed with loops of narrow black velvet ribbon, of which the many ends, enclosed in silver *ferrets*, fell below the waist—these little pen-sketches will suggest to the intelligent reader the innumerable variations of modes by which the cravat or devant may be constructed. One needs a good many of these trifles, because, of course,



GREY CLOTH GOWN WITH DRAPED BODICE.

the most absolute freshness is a *sine qua non*. Better be provided with the simplest necktie of net or tulle that is quite clean and untumbled than with a more elaborate garniture that is *defruchée*.

The tunic form of skirt is much favoured for light-weight materials. Clinging closely to the figure at the top, it sweeps out below, cut up in long "teeth," or deep scallops; these fall over a trained underskirt, all frivolous and sweeping with flounces and ruchings, the whole making an elegant fullness round the train. Such a tunic looks well in black tulle, embroidered with sparkling paillettes, or black mousseline-de-soie worked in an open design "à jour," with the *frou-frou* round the feet of the same material much gathered into flounces, small but numerous, the whole laid over a light foundation; say one of ivory silk or mauve satin. The evening bodice in this case may be a bolero of the light silk, just covered with a transparent layer of the tulle or the silk muslin; while the loosely folded underbodice would be held to the figure by a fitting swathed belt. This may boast a very handsome nouveau-art or diamond buckle; or it may be closed by being laced with silk of the same tint as the lining, each end finished with a gold, silver, or iron *aiguillette*. Yes, *iron*! It is now being used for a novel effect in these little carved and pierced ornaments; oxidised silver is also employed.

At the annual meeting of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, the physicians and surgeons at which are all qualified women, it was stated that over thirty-three thousand visits had been received in the out-patient department, while some six hundred cases, mostly operative, had been treated in the wards. Like all other charitable institutions, this has greatly lost in income because of the war funds, and much needs aid. Both in financial and surgical results the hospital shows a very favourable record as compared with others of the same class.

FLOMENA.



MAYORAL BADGE AND CHAIN FOR MARYLEBONE.

The badge is of solid gold, oval in form, having artistic scroll ornamentation, the lily being intertwined and carried out in green and gold; to form a pleasing contrast, the fleur-de-lys is introduced at intervals. The centre is occupied by the device of the borough, executed in painted enamel, with a flowing ribbon bearing the name of the borough and the date. Behind the device there are the Mace and Sword, representing Civic Authority and Justice. The links connecting the badge with the chain are ornamental in character, to correspond with the badge. The reverse of the badge bears the following inscription: "This chain was presented to the Borough Council of St. Marylebone by Councillor Joseph Watson, who was for many years a Vestryman of the Parish.—Edmund Boulnois, Esq., M.P., first Mayor, December 1900." The whole of the work was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



# The Parisian Diamond Company.

## THE "QUEEN."

"Every woman seemed to be wearing a Diamond Collar of some kind, either of small trellis-work or rows of Diamonds and Pearls, or clasps of Diamonds holding rows of Pearls. And if it be true that a revival of the Louis Seize period of dress is to be our delight for evening wear, we shall be raining blessings on the good offices of the Parisian Diamond Company, and besieging with increased enthusiasm those fascinating establishments of theirs at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."

### THE "LADIES' FIELD."

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one lovely new design after another until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

### "HEARTH AND HOME."

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

### "BLACK AND WHITE."

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

### THE "WORLD OF DRESS."

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

### THE "LADY."

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

### THE "WHITEHALL REVIEW."

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

### THE "LADY'S REALM."

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs, inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

### THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

### "MADAME."

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that Fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

### "SCOTTISH LIFE."

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

### THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who can say?"

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

### THE "COURT JOURNAL."

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

### "TABLE TALK."

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

### THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."

(New York.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

### THE "QUEEN."

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

### "MODERN ART."

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

### THE "LADIES' GAZETTE."

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

### "VANITY FAIR."

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

## ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

### "THE SKETCH."

"Take, for example, the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design."

### THE "GENTLEWOMAN."

"In the great movement for the more artistic designing of jewellery the Parisian Diamond Company are playing a prominent part. We have for years, let us confess it at once, been asleep to the artistic value of the decorative influence of jewels."

85, NEW BOND STREET, W.; 143, REGENT STREET, W.; 43, BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.

(OPPOSITE MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S).

(FACING LIBERTY'S, CHESHAM HOUSE).

(BURLINGTON GARDENS END).



THE STAFF AT  
PEKING.

The chief interest of our group of General Gaselee and Staff officers in China centres in the portrait of local Major-General Barrow, who played a prominent part at the beginning of the Anglo-Russian dispute over the railway-siding at Tientsin. The first news, it will be remembered, was telegraphed from Tientsin on March 15 to the effect that British and Russians had had a disagreement regarding the limits of the Peking railway property in the Russian concession. As soon as the situation became acute the British and Russian guards at the railway works were strengthened, and the Russians finally took possession of the disputed siding, at which they mounted armed squadrons. It would appear that General Gaselee was temporarily absent and that the command was in the hands of General Barrow. He, fearing a serious collision in case the British asserted their rights, hesitated to act, and held a long consultation with Sir Edward Satow, the British Minister. On being appealed to by Mr. Kinder, manager of the railway, General Barrow replied, "Carry on the siding by armed forces if necessary," and this it was that led to the posting of the guards, under whose protection the work was continued for a time. The Russian General Wogack immediately entered a protest, and General Barrow was again appealed to for further instructions. He repeated his order, "Continue the siding." The rest of the story is known. Count von Waldersee journeyed to the scene of the dispute, and returned after a few hours to Peking. He subsequently held a consultation with Generals Barrow and Wogack, and it was agreed that British and Russian troops should be withdrawn from the disputed land, and that the work should be suspended



THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DISAGREEMENT AT TIENSIN: GENERAL GASELEE, MAJOR-GENERAL BARROW, AND OFFICERS OF THE STAFF.

The Portraits, reading from left to right, are those of: First Row—Capt. E. H. Hazellton, Veterinary Officer; Capt. Vaughan, Commissariat Officer; Lieut. Keyes, Naval A.D.C.; Capt. R. B. Love, Provost Marshal. Second Row—Mr. Van Someren, Postmaster-General; Major Scott-Moncrieff, Commanding Royal Engineer; Major-General Barrow, Chief of Staff; General Gaselee; Col. J. T. B. Hooley, Principal Medical Officer; Capt. Baker, Paymaster. Third Row—Boyce Keep, Interpreter; Major St. John; Capt. G. C. Rigby, Signalling Officer; Capt. Ivor Phillips, D.A.A. and Q.M.G.; Capt. B. T. Pell, A.D.C.; Lieut.-Col. G. H. W. O'Sullivan, A.A. and Q.M.G.; Capt. Pictou, R.E.; Lieut. B. A. Steel, A.D.C.

NOTE.—Major-General Barrow was in temporary command of the British forces at the outbreak of the dispute over the railway-siding.

until the matter was settled by diplomacy. Local Major-General Edmund George Barrow, who took his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in 1897, belongs to the 7th Bengal Infantry. He has served as Deputy-Secretary to the Military Department of the Government of India at Simla; and his war-service includes the Afghan, Egyptian, and North-West Frontier Campaigns, for his conduct in which he was decorated and mentioned in despatches. He is forty-nine years of age.

movement of a fire. But water has also the scenic advantage of marking the very level—the floor, as it were—of the landscape, so that every hill and hillock, terrace and slope, building and mound have the full value of their eminence emphatically marked. The Duke of Leinster's thousand acres are adorned by several lakes, and the Rye runs through them to pay its tribute to the Liffey. By opening these grounds to the public the owner practises an admirable form of hospitality, and the increasing number

## CARTON.

The beautiful seat of the Duke of Leinster has the best of all natural decorations—plenty of water. The Irish climate, like that of Scotland, is liable to the easy banter that water is only too abundant, and may be looked for in the shape of downpours, showers, drizzle, or "soft weather," for very much more than half the week. And the atmospheric beauty of Ireland is, in fact, due to rain; not only the beauty of greys in the distances, but the splendid clearness and depth of colour which has much more seldom been described, when the hills are plum-colour and the skies a daffodil, the soil being coloured like a pebble wet from the beach, and the sky washed by the same shower just passed away. But the water that is so decorative to a park is of another kind—the river, the rivulet, the lake near the house, the pool among the trees: large clear jewels, emeralds and diamonds in a royal dress, or, as Lord Beaconsfield said with some bathos, mirrors in a drawing-room. Water reflects light, echoes the sky; it has another and a different movement and animation from those of foliage or of wind-stirred grass and fern. It is doubtless for the sake of motion and life that the lovers of parks have always so greatly prized two things—a rivulet and a herd of deer, as lovers of a beautiful room prize the

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

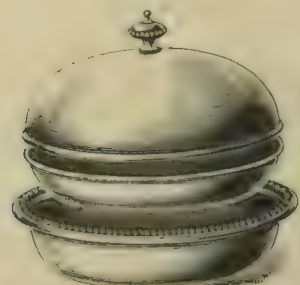
# Mappin & Webb's

(Ltd.)

## STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552.)



Butter Dish, in Cut Glass, with "Prince's Plate" Tray and Cover, Ebony Knob, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s.



Muffin Dish, in "Prince's Plate," with Hot-water part, £1 15s. Sterling Silver, £8 5s.



Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver, Antique Style, £10 10s.



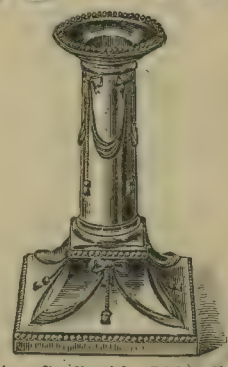
The "Jersey" Combination Asparagus Rack and Tray and Sauce Boat. In "Prince's Plate," £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £12 10s.



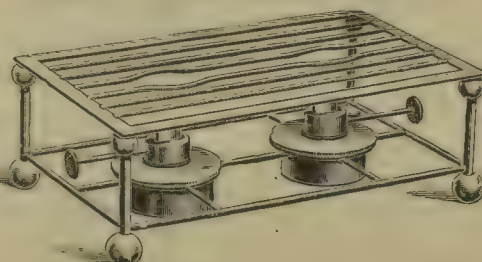
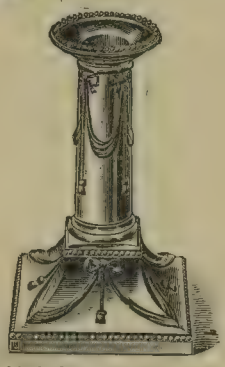
Sterling Silver Salad Servers, with Chased Handles, £3 10s. per pair.



Handsomely Fluted Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger, 8 in. high, £6 5s.

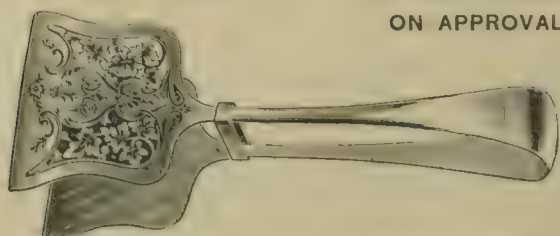


Piano Candlesticks, Richly Chased in Relief. Sterling Silver, 5½ in. high, £4. "Prince's Plate," 5½ in. high, £2 8s.



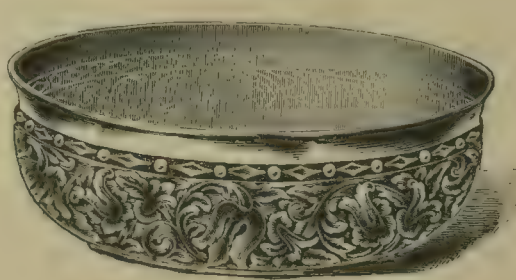
"Prince's Plate" Stand, for Coffee Pots, Entrée and Breakfast Dishes, &c. Size 10 by 6 in., with two Lamps, £2 15s.

GOODS SENT  
TO THE COUNTRY  
ON APPROVAL.



Asparagus Server, with Richly Engraved and Pierced Blades, "Prince's Plate," £1 6s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s.

Any regular Spoon-pattern Handle to order



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, Richly Chased, Interior Richly Gilt, £10.



Registered Design. Oval Entrée Dish, James I. Style, 11½ in. long. "Prince's Plate," Sterling Silver. Dish and Cover ... £3 5s. £12 0s. Warmer, with Top Plate ... £3 10s. —

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**MONKEY BRAND**  
For Spring Cleaning.  
**MONKEY BRAND**  
For Paint Work.  
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**MONKEY BRAND**  
For a Thousand Things.

**BROOKE'S**  
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**SOAP.**  
The King of Polishing and Scouring Soaps  
WILL DO A DAY'S WORK IN AN HOUR.  
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For Linoleum and Oilcloths.  
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For Crockery and Glassware.  
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For Metals and Marble.



of tourists to Ireland accept the boon year by year. The house was built from the designs of Cassels.

Near Carton is the beautiful and picturesque ruin of the Castle of Maynooth, a fortress erected in 1426 by the sixth Earl of Kildare, and dismantled on account of the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald—"Silken Thomas." It is, therefore, a ruin laid waste by something more violent than time. It covers a considerable extent of ground, and this land also is open to the public. Maynooth College—built in three blocks and surrounded by some eighty acres of ground—was built in 1795. As an educational Roman Catholic institution, it has had a history full of vicissitudes. The Parliamentary debates bristle with that name at a time when Sir Robert Peel led a party that was nearly united in support of endowments for the Roman Catholic clerical student. Across one early passage in the chequered career of Mr. Gladstone the name of Maynooth is written large.

The Duke of Leinster, Marquis and Earl of Kildare, Earl and Baron of Offaly—the premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ireland—inherits Carton from a long line of ancestors. The origins of the family are very cosmopolitan. They begin with a Florentine noble, of the House of Geraldini, who passed over into Normandy, and thence into England, where he preceded the Conqueror by a few years and became a favourite with Edward the Confessor. His son married a daughter of the Prince of North Wales; and it was their grandson, Maurice Fitzgerald, who was the patriarch of the Irish Geraldines. His grandson, again, has a record as the introducer into Ireland, early in the thirteenth century, of the Franciscans and the Dominicans. The second Earl of Kildare died at Maynooth, and Gerard, the sixth Earl, early in the fifteenth century strengthened and enlarged the Castle, then considered as "one of the largest and richest Earl-houses in England." The Tower of London made less comfortable quarters during several troublous generations for the owners of Carton, which is now held peacefully by a Duke still in his early teens. He was six years old when he succeeded his father, the

fifth Duke; and at eight years of age lost his mother—the Lady Hermione Duncombe of earlier days—the memory of whose beauty will long linger in the glens and vales around her husband's stronghold.

#### PEMBROKE CASTLE.

"Wild Wales," once unconquerable, once the more than South African covert of its guerilla bands, the fastness,



HOLIDAY HAUNTS: PEMBROKE CASTLE.

the sanctuary, the hiding-place, the home of ambush, has forgotten that it ever struggled to elude the grasp of the Anglo-Saxon. In spite of the strange difference made by an alien language, the people of Wales are mingled with the race they once abhorred. Only here and there a poet or a musician insists upon the eternal difference of the Celt. But the face of the country in that hilly West is suddenly and completely unlike the gentle, though not flat (there is no country in the world less flat than England)—the undulating landscape of the Saxon land. And if the mountains are thus distinct, so also are the signs of history—

ruins, ancient walls, towers, and the habited and uninhabited castles of chief and noble. Nothing is quite so daft as an English ruin; but the Welsh castle looks less like a toy made by the present out of the fragments of the past. On the other hand, when an ancient English castle is not in the gardener's hands—smoothly kept, filled in with a lawn, and set with wall-flowers—it is apt to play the fictitious part of a Dover Castle—garrisoned, manned, and looking as strong as a rock, but known by friend and foe to be of no more avail for modern warfare or against modern guns than a castle of paste-board or the villa of a jerry-builder.

Among the ancient strongholds of the Principality there is perhaps none of more ancient origin than Pembroke Castle. Strongbow did not build, he did but rebuild it; and within its walls centuries later Henry VII. was born; his mother, Catherine Beaufort, took refuge there after the battle of Tewkesbury; and in yet another age of English history it was besieged and taken by Oliver Cromwell. The Earls of Pembroke of to-day are seated near quiet Salisbury, hard by the rolling open corn-land somewhat strangely called the Plain; but when Strongbow bore the title, at the beginning of the stormy twelfth century, Pembroke Castle was his fortress and one of the defences of a Wales still wild. The Castle occupied the seaward extremity of the peninsular ridge known as Pen-fro (from which arises the name Pembroke), and the massive ruins still attest the might of the pile reared in 1092 by Arnulph de Montgomery. The crumbling pile still includes a great gate with round towers and a circular keep. The latter measures 52 ft. in diameter and rises to a height of 75 ft. The walls are 14 ft. thick. There is also among the curiosities of the castle a subterranean apartment 77 ft. long by 57 ft. wide, popularly known as the "Wogan." The outer wards were added to the structure in the time of the earlier Edwards. The sides of the ruins are encircled by two arms of the creek, and these are spanned by bridges. Other interesting relics of antiquity at Pembroke are the ruins of the Benedictine Priory founded in 1098.

# A 7/6 Cookery Book

To Ladies who collect Lemco Wrappers and Weight Labels by November 30 next. Send a post-card for full particulars of Beeton's Cookery Books offered, to Lemco Cookery Book Office, 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or see detailed Advertisements.



FOR USING

# Lemco in the Kitchen

"Lemco" means the genuine Liebig Company's Extract.



## Discomfort After Eating.

It is horrible to eat a meal with a veritable Sword of Damocles (which was suspended over the victim by a single thread) hanging above one, waiting opportunity to descend. And yet how many people there are who know they must eat, and who know just as surely that what they eat will afterwards disagree with them. And the symptoms are so miserable in their intensity, so diversified and malignant, that a suffering Nervous Dyspeptic is a patient much deserving pity. Perhaps the food sits like a weight at the pit of the Stomach, and painfully distends it, or there is a great feeling of heaviness, stuffiness, lethargy, and abnormal Sleepiness. Or there may be flushes of heat and cold, pains under the shoulder-blades or beneath the ribs, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn, or Nausea, with Sick-Headache and Neuralgic twinges. These symptoms may not all be present at once, but some are, and often many. They weaken the System, and destroy enjoyment in life. How necessary, then, it is to cure and prevent them by the use of

## Guy's Tonic.

It is so easily, safely, and speedily done, and at so little cost, that it is really surprising that people suffer with these vexatious and painful Symptoms so long. Perhaps it is not so astonishing, after all; people are often deceived with remedies, which leads them to unjustly class the good with the bad. A medicine is judged by its results in practice, and in the case of Guy's Tonic the verdict is invariably favourable. It always does good. It nearly always cures. It always gives relief. It imparts relief and benefit promptly and pleasantly. It has effected a host of cures in the past. It is effecting them now, and it will continue to do so in the future. Guy's Tonic is a remedy that holds the regard of those who use it. They have tried the Remedy and therefore speak well of it, because of its curative efficacy, of which they have experienced the value. We esteem this good repute and know it has been instrumental in obtaining thousands of customers for us. Make enquiries anywhere, and you will soon find proof of the efficacy of Guy's Tonic in preventing and dispersing Digestive aches and pains and in curing all forms of Stomachic Disorder.

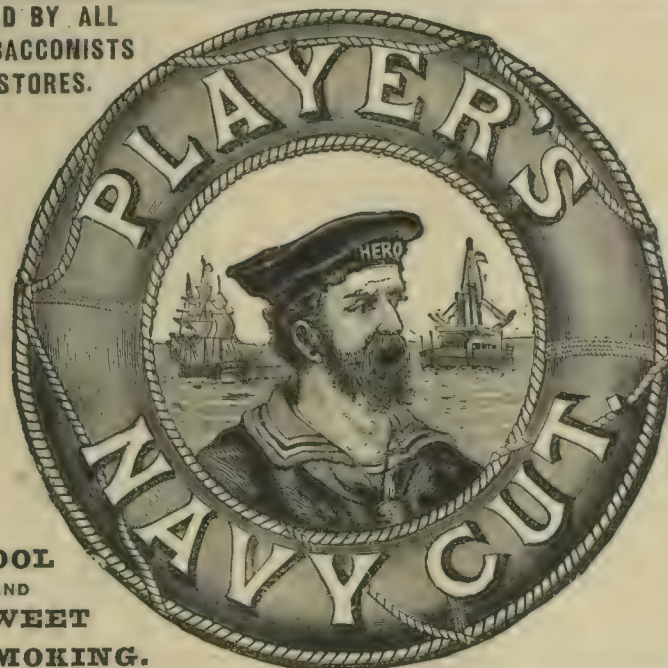
### "The Eating of a small Biscuit Caused Pain."

Mr. J. T. Rose, of Sutton Bridge, writes—

"My Wife for twenty years has suffered from Indigestion. She has been trying Doctors and all sorts of medicine, but got worse. This winter she has been very Low Spirited, and the eating of a very small biscuit only has caused Pain and Sickness. Seeing your advertisement, she thought she would try Guy's Tonic. She did so, and I can safely say she is better than she has been for years. Since taking Guy's Tonic her Appetite has improved, and she is decidedly stronger."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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TOBACCONISTS  
AND STORES.



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ELECT Cocoa

Its Goodness makes it Cheap.  
On account of its Great Strength it is  
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"THE HALF-TEASPOONFUL COCOA"

# HENNESSY'S

## THREE

## STAR

## BRANDY

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s  
Brandy has the largest  
sale in the World. It  
is Genuine Brandy.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES, & SENT FREE & SAFE BY POST. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE. PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE (4000 Illustrations), POST FREE

### SPECIAL.

—The Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd., 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Secondhand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. An Assortment of Secondhand Goods always in Stock.

New Arrow and The Brooch, or Hair Ornament, set with Choice Brilliants. £33.

New Double-Heart containing 13 phires and Brooch. Rubies or Sapp- 27 Brilliants, £6 15s.

New Diamond Scarf-Pin, head Enamelled true £4 15s. Perch. Salmon-Trout, and Pike same price.

Trout and Pike to nature, Salmon, All Gold. £1 15s.

18-ct. Gold Ring, £1 15s. 15-ct. lighter make, £1 1s.

Choice Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet, £60.

New Diamond of Hearts, Sapphire, emerald, and Ruby, and whole Pearl £4 4s.

Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament. £115. Others in stock up to £500.

Heart Pendant, choice White Brilliants. £42. Other sizes in stock up to £105. Can be made with Emerald, Pearl, Ruby, or Sapphire Centre.

All Brilliants. £3 15s. Larger and smaller sizes in stock.

Our Exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition will be in the Central Hall, where we have secured a large space.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

New Head Ornament. Choice White Brilliants and whole Pearls. £43. Turquoise and Diamond same price.

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DIAMOND MERCHANTS, LTD., 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: RUSPOL LONDON



## MUSIC.

On Good Friday a remarkably fine performance of Handel's "Messiah" was given at the Albert Hall, with Sir Frederick Bridge's admirable innovation, so far as the Royal Choral Society is concerned, of dispensing with Mozart's additional accompaniments. The soloists were excellent—Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. This oratorio is so favourite a one with the conservative English public, and is in such sympathy with the sacred fast, that there was scarcely an empty seat. The choruses were marked by brilliance of attack and finish, and the orchestra, at times a little too loud, was very conscientious. Between the first and second parts of the "Messiah," the Dead March in "Saul" was played as a mark of respect to the memory of Sir John Stainer, who for sixteen years was organist to the Royal Choral Society.

At the third concert of the Philharmonic Society on Wednesday, March 27, in the Queen's Hall, the chief item of interest was the first performance of a "Symphonic Poem" in C by Mr. William Wallace. Other symphonic poems of his have already been introduced to the public at the Crystal Palace. This one differs from the preceding ones by having no programme attached to the music. Each listener is free to put his own interpretation upon musical ideas which have no concrete or verbal equivalent in the composer's mind. The opening of the poem is sombre in the extreme. In its lighter development it grows more interesting, not so much from any distinction of melodious themes, but by the artistic scoring and clever employment of wind instruments. Signor Busoni was suddenly



A PRESENTATION BOWL.

The bowl in the illustration, the ornamentation of which is in the Itlian style, is oval in shape, the body being divided into six beautifully modelled panels by chased and interlaced scroll-work. In the centre panel of obverse is modelled and chased a bas-relief representing "Three Acres and a Cow," whilst in the flanking panels on either side appear views of "The Market Place, Downham," and "The Old Town Hall, Thetford." The work was entirely designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

indisposed, and it necessitated a change of programme, for without him it was impossible to give Liszt's pianoforte concerto. He had telegraphed, however, to M. Ysaye, who appeared and gave a magnificent interpretation of the solo part of Beethoven's violin concerto, admirably supported by the orchestra, under the conductorship of Dr. Cowen, who played without any rehearsal. Mr. Santley received a great ovation.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music on Thursday, March 28, gave a performance in the St. James's Hall of Verdi's "Requiem." Miss Evelyn Woods sang the soprano parts delightfully, and so did Mrs. Julia Franks the contralto ones. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Ernest Torrence also sang well. The whole performance was highly creditable from its conscientious rehearsing.

At the Westminster Orchestral Society's concert, their forty-eighth one, on March 27, a very remarkable child performer made her professional debut in England. Miss Violet Selon, who is very early in her teens, is a violoncellist of great and marked talent. She graduated in the Brussels Conservatoire, and in M. Van Dan's orchestra has been first cellist and soloist for some time. She has great power and tone, excellent technique, and perfect intonation, especially in her arpeggio passages. She had an enthusiastic reception in the Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in A minor of Saint-Saëns. The orchestra of the society is good; if it has any weakness, it is in its wind instruments, and occasionally in its attack.

At the last Monday Popular Concert the first part of the programme was devoted to Liza Lehmann's most popular

## DREW & SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

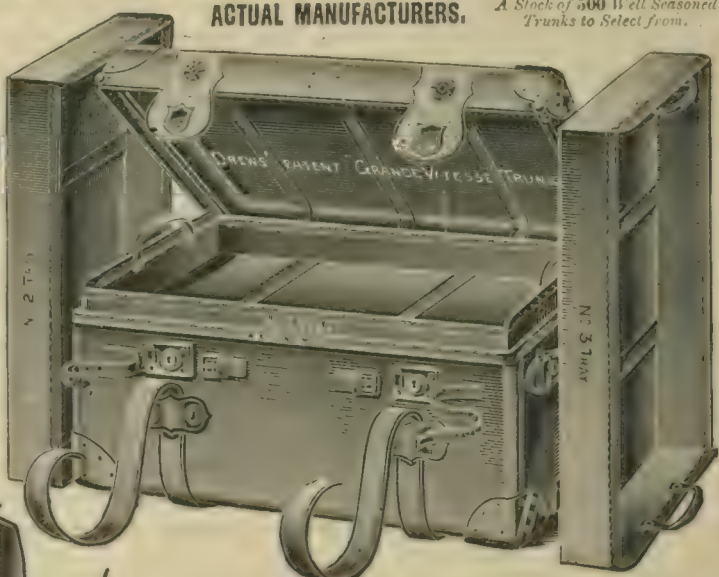
### DREWS' NEW 'GRANDE VITESSE' TRUNK.

The Ideal Trunk for Lady's Use.

Only of American Crashing Machine and Dressing, &c. made in England. All cases are made of DREWS' PATENT WOOD FIBRE and covered in dark brown Waterproof Sailcloth, OR in Solid Ox Hide.

#### CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

The Lightest and Strongest Trunks are those made of 'Drews' Patent Wood Fibre.



### DREWS' NEW HAT CASE.

Feathers and Trimmings cannot get crushed or damaged when travelling. Hats are pinned with Bonnet Pins on Soft Wicker Cones. Cases are strongly made and covered in dark brown Waterproof Sailcloth, bound Leather; Leather Handle on Top, good Brass Lock, &c., including 6 Wicker Cones, and 12 Special Hat Pins. Size No. 5, 24 in. long by 17 in. wide by 11 in. high, holds 6 Hats comfortably, price 39/- Same Case, covered Ox Hide, £3 6s. 6d.

Cheques should accompany Orders by Post.

## DREW & SONS,

Actual PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA DRESSING BAGS & FITTED CASES.  
Makers of AND LUNCHEON BASKETS



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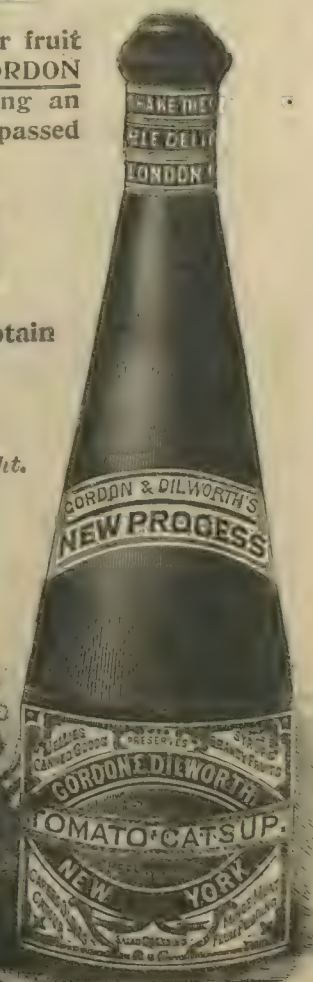
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cycle of songs, "In a Persian Garden." The quartet of singers were Madame Alice Esty, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Mr. Denham Price. Their quartets were beautifully balanced, and very great taste was shown in the entire performance; but the honours fell to Madame Marian McKenzie, whose beautiful contralto voice and intense dramatic power were never shown to greater advantage than in her solo, "I sometimes think that never blows so red the rose," etc., and in the bitter pagan philosophy, "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon." Her enunciation and feeling of the words are wonderful, and debutante contraltos might well try to learn her secret. M. Ysaye, who had a tremendous reception, played the "Fantaisie Caprice" in A of Vieuxtemps, and gave as an encore Bach's Air in G.

At the Saturday Popular Concert, M. Ysaye again won the gratitude of the public by giving them the less familiar Quartet in D major of César Franck. It is sombre, but very original and enchanting. Signor Busoni being still unfortunately ill, Mozart's Quartet in B flat No. 4 was substituted for Schumann's popular quintet. Miss Stuart was the pianist, and played gracefully and brilliantly Brahms' Scherzo. Madame Matja von Niessen-Stone sang some songs very well.

M. I. H.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1898) of Mr. John Charles Salt, of 61, Ennismore Gardens, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on March 29 by the Rev. Frederick John Salt, the son, Henry Salt, the brother, and Ernest Murray Pollock, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,290. The testator bequeaths £2500 to, and £17,500 upon trust for, his daughter Evelyn Mary Salt; £500 each to his brother Henry Salt and his sisters Sarah Ann Mitford and Katharine Salt; £250 each to his nieces Ethel Mary Salt, Ada Frances Salt, and Lena Mitford; £250 each to Ernest Murray Pollock and his wife; £500 for the endowment of the schools at Slindon; £200 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; £100 each to the St. Pancras Dispensary (Euston Road), the City of London Truss Society, and the Western General Dispensary (Marylebone Road); £100 each to Basil Hughes, Margaret Hughes, Edith Mary Bevington, Edith Mary Howard, and Charles Joseph Salt; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated May 4, 1897), with a codicil (dated Aug. 14, 1899), of Mr. James Sherwood Brown, of 153, Buckingham Palace Road, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on March 30 by Henry William Windsor, one of

the executors, the value of the estate being £46,000. The testator gives £2000 to his son, and a few small legacies. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his four children, Cecil George, Ada Maud, Louise Gertrude, and Elsie Mary.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1894), with five codicils (dated April 22, 1896; Feb. 28, 1898; Jan. 19, 1899; and March 8 and Dec. 10, 1900), of Mr. Matthew Gilbertson Brown, of Stanmore House, Dawlish, who died on Dec. 18 last, has been proved by Mrs. Ada Elizabeth Sarah Brown, the widow, Edward Theodore Gardom, and John Sumner Whidborne, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,333 8s. 2d. The testator gives a mortgage for £10,000, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or of £250 per annum should she again marry, and subject thereto for his nephew, Harold Mignot Brown. He also gives his freehold residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and £250 to his wife; £200 to George Fortescue Webb; annuities of £100 each to Mrs. Florence Cooper Brown and Miss Beatrice Hensman during the widowhood of his wife; and £50 to his executor, Mr. Whidborne. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife until she shall again marry, and subject thereto as to £1500 to Edward

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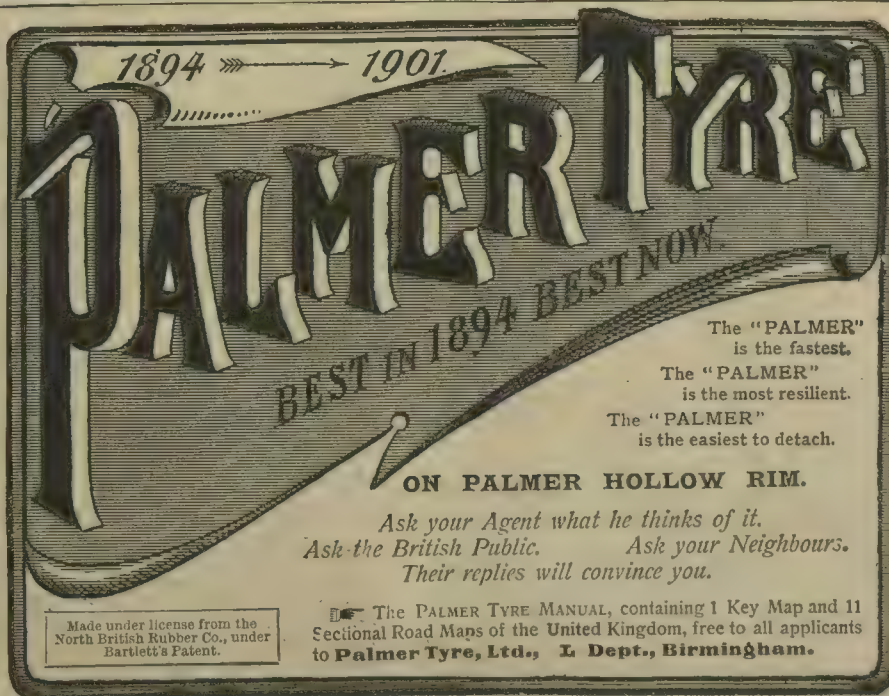
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The will (dated April 21, 1888), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1892), of Mr. William John Banks, of Oxney Court, near Dover, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 27 by Major Herbert Delamark Banks, the son, and Miss Constance Julia Banks, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,312. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his daughter Constance Julia; £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Margaret Mary Ann La Coste; and £100 each to his grandchildren Constance Mary and Charles John Constable La Coste. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1900) of Mr. Samuel Barnett, J.P., of The Brook House, Leominster, was proved on

March 26 by Miss Maria Cogswell Barnett, the daughter, and Edmund Strode, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £22,228. The testator gives £200, and wines and consumable stores, to his daughter Maria Cogswell; £400 to his son Francis Theodore; £200 each to his children Laura Edwards, Julia Elizabeth, Ellen Roberts, Edwin Ernest, and Charlotte Mabel; and his household furniture to his unmarried children, except his son Edwin Ernest. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1898) of John Baptiste Joseph, twelfth Baron Dormer, of Wenge, Bucks, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on March 28 by the Hon. Mrs. Florence Edith Louise Hunter, the daughter, and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,160. The testator gives £200 to his sister, the Hon. Mary Dormer; £200 to his brother, the Hon.

Hubert Francis Dormer; £100 to Philip Witham; and his plate, furniture, etc., at Grove Park, and the farm-stock, to his successor in the title. All his real and copyhold property is to follow the trusts of the settlements of the family estates. His residuary estate he leaves to his daughter.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Jan. 15, 1900) of Major the Hon. Denis Lawless, of 105, Mount Street, who died on Oct. 5, granted to his brother, Valentine Frederick, Baron Cloncurry, was sealed in London on March 27, the value of the estate in England and Ireland amounting to £11,162.

The will of Colonel Jocelyn Pickard-Cambridge, J.P., of Bloxworth House, Bloxworth, Dorset, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on March 28 by Mrs. Anna Mary Pickard-Cambridge, the wife, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £7663.

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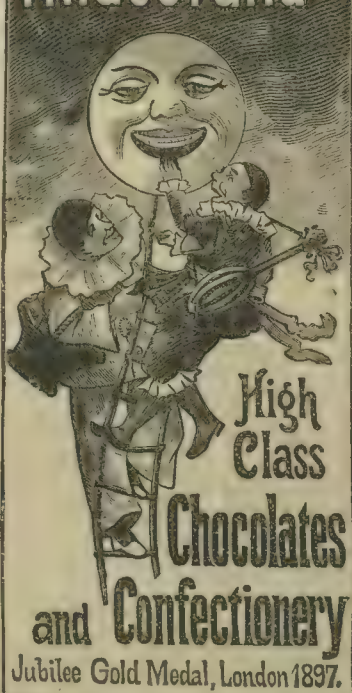
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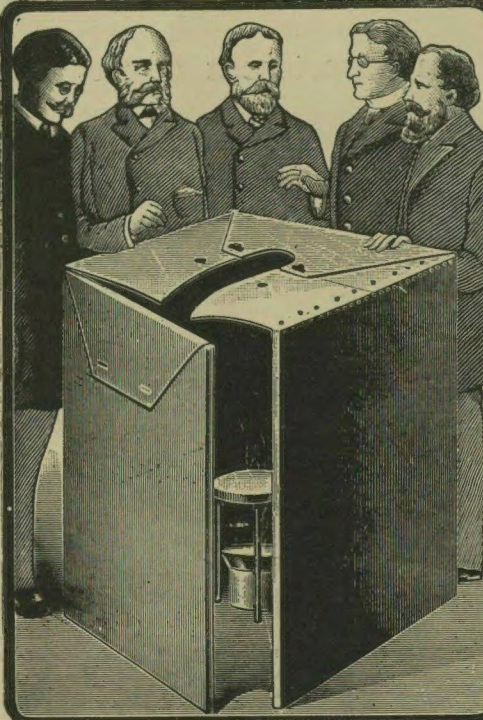
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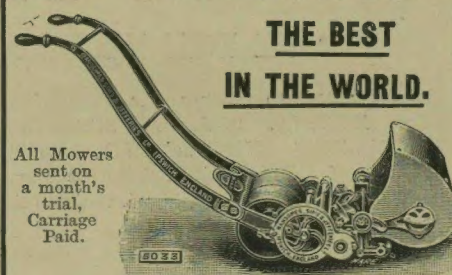
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9	11	by 7 2	4	12	0	11	4	by 8 9	6	7	0	13	9	by 10 0	8	17	0
10	2	by 6 10	4	8	0	11	9	by 8 3	6	3	0	13	9	by 10 6	9	4	0
10	0	by 7 0	4	10	0	11	11	by 8 0	6	3	0	13	10	by 10 4	9	1	0
10	1	by 7 2	4	12	0	11	5	by 8 3	6	0	0	13	6	by 10 6	9	0	0
10	2	by 7 8	5	0	0	11	10	by 8 7	6	9	0	13	11	by 10 7	9	8	0
10	8	by 7 1	4	16	0	12	9	by 9 1	7	7	0	13	9	by 11 10	9	0	0
10	6	by 7 0	4	14	0	12	3	by 9 6	7	10	0	13	3	by 9 5	8	0	0
10	3	by 7 6	4	18	0	12	1	by 7 0	5	8	0	13	9	by 8 2	7	4	0
10	4	by 7 3	4	16	0	13	1	by 9 7	8	0	0	13	1	by 10 0	8	7	0
11	4	by 8 5	6	3	0	13	1	by 8 3	6	18	0	14	1	by 11 10	9	5	0
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Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.
9 0 by 6 9	...	1 10 1	9 0 by 6 9	...	1 12 6	10 0 by 6 9	...	2 2 10
10 6 by 9 0	...	2 5 11	11 0 by 9 0	...	2 8 9	12 0 by 9 0	...	3 7 5
12 0 by 11 3	...	3 6 6	13 0 by 11 3	...	3 14 9	13 6 by 11 3	...	4 13 11
15 0 by 13 6	...	4 18 2	16 6 by 13 6	...	5 10 6	15 0 by 13 6	...	6 6 7

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